



MAKERS
... of ...

GEORGIA'S

NAME AND FAME

WHITEHEAD



Class 1-225

Book 1154

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MAKERS OF GEORGIA'S NAME AND FAME

BY

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PREFACE

This book is meant as a supplementary reader for children of the Third and Fourth Grades in Georgia schools. It is not intended as a history to take the place of any other book previously before the educational public of the state.

By means of interesting stories and characteristic incidents, the book makes an effort to acquaint Georgia children with the greater number of the men whose names adorn the pages of our state history. It thus proposes in some measure to prepare children who read it for the study of Georgia history proper. The author dares to hope that our Georgia boys and girls will gain much encouragement and inspiration from the examples of the heroes whose unselfish and noble deeds are herein retold.

The poem which graces the first pages was written especially for this book by one of Georgia's sweetest singers, Charles W. Hubner, of the Carnegie Library, Atlanta. Dr. H. J. Gaertner, of the Normal and Industrial College at Milledgeville, has graciously permitted the use of his poem, "Georgia." To both of these gentlemen thanks are due.

A. C. W.

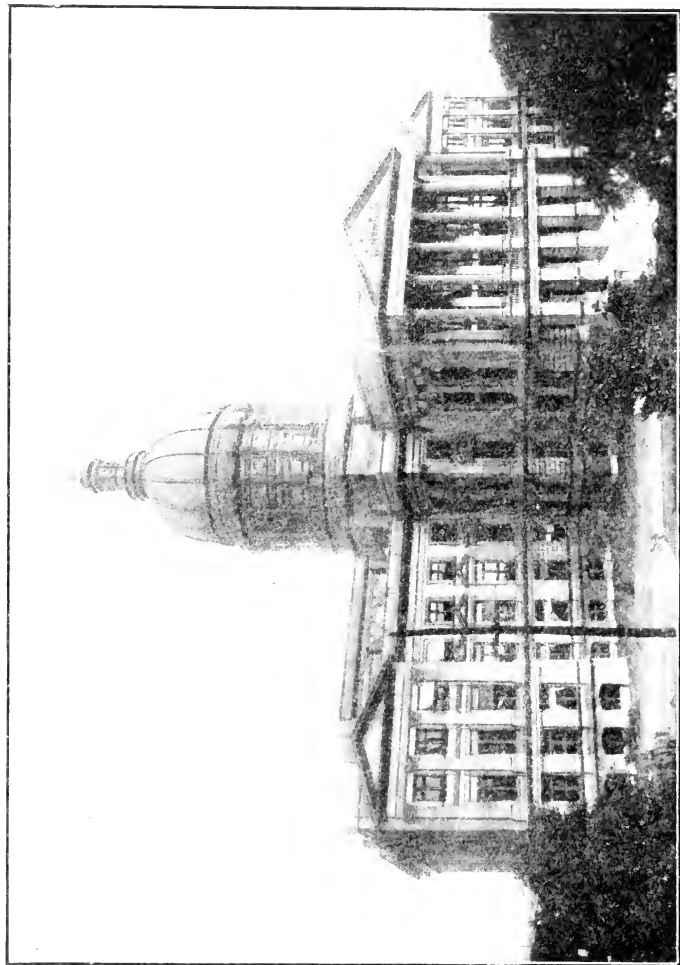
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

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THE STATE CAPITOL BUILDING, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

MAKERS OF GEORGIA'S NAME AND FAME

TO THE CHILDREN OF GEORGIA

O children, learn the story
Of our dear Georgia state,
The life, the deeds, the glory
Of those who made her great;

By God's grace led and favored,
From Him their strength they drew.
In war and peace they labored
For what is good and true.

On wisdom, moderation,
Justice, is built our state,
For without these no nation
Can be called truly great.

O children, learn the story
Of Georgia well by heart,

Know what has made her glory,
In science, learning, art.

In all that men are doing,
In all that men have done,
High, noble aims pursuing,
Till victory is won.

So may in your own bosom,
Bright hopes and dreams take root,
Which, nourished there, shall blossom,
And in great deeds bear fruit.

And let this book remind you
What great hearts dare and do,
That coming years may find you
As good, as brave, as true.

— *Charles W. Hubner*

THE MAN WHO WANTED GOLD

Nearly four hundred years ago, Hernando De Soto started on a long march through what is now Georgia. With him he had six hundred brave soldiers. They wore bright steel armor and rich cloaks, and they had gay plumes in their steel helmets. This army had two hundred prancing horses, and a large number of fierce dogs to catch Indians. They also had a great drove of hogs ahead of them for food. They came into Georgia somewhere in the southern part. This gay army must have been a strange sight as it marched through the level pine woods.

De Soto was a Spaniard. His soldiers were Spaniards. They were searching for jewels and gold. They marched across the state. They soon ate all their hogs and other food. After that they were often hungry. Then the Indians would give them something to eat. Once an Indian chief brought them a present of some corn, some partridges and turkeys. He also brought them some dogs. The Spaniards were very hungry. They ate the corn,

partridges, and turkeys. They were still hungry. So then they ate the dogs.

The Indians were kind to the Spaniards. But the Spaniards treated the Indians very badly. De Soto and his men searched everywhere for gold. They broke into the wigwams, the temples, and even the graves, to try to find pearls and gold. Sometimes they would make their dogs catch the Indians. Then they would try to make the Indians tell where gold could be found.

At last De Soto reached the Savannah River. There a beautiful princess came to meet him and his army. She was very kind and gentle. She gave him a long rope of pearls. She put it about his neck. She wanted to show him that she and her people would be friendly. She also gave him rich shawls and dressed skins. Then De Soto put a gold ring with a ruby set in it on her finger.

But De Soto did not care for the kindness of the Indians. He could not forget that gold was what he wanted. As before, he and his greedy soldiers searched everywhere for gold. They took all they could find. They also robbed the Indians of great basketfuls of pearls.

When De Soto left this place, he carried the prin-

cess with him as a prisoner. He made her march on foot ahead of his army. But after a few days, she escaped. De Soto saw her no more.

De Soto then marched across the northern part of Georgia. He did not get much gold. He marched on till he found the Mississippi River. There he died. At night, his soldiers tied heavy stones to his body. Then they dropped it to the bottom of the great river. They did this so that the Indians could not find his body. Only forty of all the six hundred men lived to get back to their homes in Spain.

De Soto did not try to make a settlement in Georgia. This task was left for Oglethorpe, "a nobler man with a loftier aim."

“NO PEARLS FOR JUAN TERRON”

In those old times, long ago, the water in our streams was clear. After the white men cut down the trees and made big fields, the waters of the creeks and rivers became red with mud. That is because the rains washed the earth off the fields into the streams.

In the clear water of the creeks and rivers, the Indians used to find great numbers of mussels. Did you ever see a mussel? Here is a picture of one. The Indians often found pearls that the Spaniards took from them.

Juan Terron was a foot soldier in De Soto's army. He took all the pearls from the Indians that he could. He filled a bag with them. It was said that he had six pounds of pearls. He hoped to sell them, and then he would be rich. He meant to go back to his home in Spain, and live in grand style the rest of his life.

The mountains of North Georgia are rough. It is not very easy to walk over them. De Soto's

soldiers grew very tired as they marched day after day over the mountains and through the valleys. Terron's pearls got heavy, so he made up his mind that he would carry them no farther. He was tired of them. Besides, he was not sure that he would get back to Spain, anyway.

So he thought that he would give them to a friend who had a horse to ride. "You may have these pearls if you will carry them," said Terron to his friend.

"No," said his friend. "Keep them. You will want them when you get back to Spain. They will make you rich."

"If you will not have them, I will carry them no longer," said Terron. "They shall remain here."

Then he untied the bag and whirled it about his head. The pearls were lost in the leaves and grass on every side. Terron then marched on. The other soldiers found about thirty of his pearls and kept them.

After that, whenever a man acted idle or foolish, the Spanish soldiers would say, "There are no pearls for Juan Terron." They meant that such a man was throwing away his opportunity.

THE MAN FOR WHOM GEORGIA WAS NAMED

King George II. of England was a small man. But he was stout and brave. He loved war and battles. He liked no perfume so well as he liked the smell of gunpowder.

In 1741, England was at war with Austria. King George went himself to take part in the fighting. A battle was fought at a place called Dettingen. The two armies stood facing each other. They were not very close together, but they could see each other. Then the guns began to boom. The men began to shout. There was a great deal of noise.

The king's horse was a very fine, fiery one. The horse had never been in battle before. The great noise frightened him, so that he ran away. Straight toward the long glittering lines of Austrians he went. King George was doing all he could to stop the horse. On, on, the horse ran. At last the king stopped him. Then he leaped down from his back and said, "Now, *you* may run away, but *I* know *I* shall not run away."

Then he drew his sword and waved it high in the air. His men were close behind him. He called out to them, "Come, boys, now behave like men, and the enemy will soon run." With these words he led his men forward with such force that, sure enough, the enemy did soon run.

This was the last battle that an English king took part in. And this King George II. was the man for whom Georgia was named.

THE MAN WHO FORGOT HIS DEBTS

Robert Castell was an Englishman. He lived nearly two hundred years ago. He loved good books and fine pictures.

He thought that he would make a book himself. He would be proud to make this book, and besides, he thought he would get rich from its sale. So he set to work at it. This book told about all kinds of houses. He also made pictures of the houses in the book. Castell loved this work so much that he forgot nearly everything else. He even forgot to pay his debts.

At last the book was finished. It was then printed. He now tried to sell his book. But no one seemed to want to buy a book about houses. Poor Castell did not get rich as he had hoped. Instead, he was badly in debt for the printing of his book.

Castell was honest and wanted to pay all he owed. But he could not, for now he had no money. Before, he forgot to pay his debts. Now, he was not able to pay them.

At that time, there was a very bad law in England. People who would not pay their debts were put in prison. Worse still, those who could not pay them were put in prison. There they would stay, for months and years. They were not let out until their debts were paid. Sometimes they stayed in prison until they died.

Now, as Robert Castell had no money, he was sent to prison. Some of the people in the prison had smallpox. Castell feared to be in this prison, for he had never had smallpox. In those days a great many people died with it, so he begged to be put in another prison. But the keeper would not do this unless Castell would pay him money. As Castell could give him none, he had to go to the prison where the smallpox was.

There he soon took the disease. He was very sick with it. He soon died in the prison. His wife and children were left poor and helpless. It was a sad thing for Castell and his family, but it proved to be a great blessing for thousands of other poor men who were shut up in prison. You will soon learn that it was also a help to Georgia.



JAMES EDWARD OGLETHORPE

THE MAN WHO SETTLED GEORGIA

James Edward Oglethorpe lived in England. When he was a boy, he liked to read about wars. He liked to hear old soldiers tell of battles. He wanted to be a soldier himself. He went to a school for soldiers. He went to the wars before he was twenty years old. He was in the English army. Young Oglethorpe was in many battles, and he fought bravely.

The wars were soon over, and then England had peace. Oglethorpe did not like this. Times of peace were too quiet and dull for him. So he went away and joined the Austrian army to fight the Turks. He had many adventures, and when he was old, he would often tell stories of the great, brave days of his youth.

After the war with the Turks ended, he went home to England. He found that his father and his older brothers had died. This left him the head of the Oglethorpe family. He was also left very rich, and he had a grand home. He was now made a member

of Parliament. You may know that the Parliament is a body of men that makes the laws for England.

Though he was rich, Oglethorpe lived very simply. He was kind and good to all. He loved his fellow men. He loved his friends very much and would do anything he could for them.

He was a friend to the Robert Castell who died in prison. When Oglethorpe heard of Castell's sad death, he grieved very much. He was also angry that there was such a cruel law. He thought this law ought to be changed, so he got Parliament to send some men to see how people were treated in the prisons. Oglethorpe was himself one of those sent.

They went into many prisons. They found the prisoners badly treated. They learned that there was a special kind of prison for debtors. These prisons had iron cages all around the inside next to the walls. The cages had narrow openings in them next to the streets. The debtors were put into these cages. The keepers of the prisons did not feed the debtors. They did not clothe them. The debtors had to beg from people who passed. If no one gave them anything, they did without. Sometimes those passing would give them money or food.

But many a poor man stood at the little window of

his cage all day and get nothing. Then he would lie down hungry, on the cold, hard floor. Sometimes they froze or starved to death. Some of the prisoners were in heavy chains, and they were often beaten with big sticks or straps.

Oglethorpe was stirred more than ever after he had seen these sights. He was very sorry for the poor people. He thought about it a great deal. Then he got Parliament to free most of those who were in prison for debt. This itself was a great deed, but you shall now read of a greater one.

HOW OGLETHORPE SETTLED GEORGIA

Oglethorpe could not get the poor people of England off his mind. Even when they were not in prison they had hard work to make a living. Oglethorpe thought of the great tracts of land that were lying idle on the other side of the ocean in America. He thought if the poor people were on these lands they could easily get plenty of food and clothes for themselves. Better still, they could make a new start in life. They could again be brave and free.

So he went to talk with King George. You have already read of how brave the king was. He was also kind-hearted. Oglethorpe told the king about the poor people. He asked the king to give him a large tract of land in America. He said he would settle these people on the land, and it should all be a part of George's kingdom. The king was glad to give Oglethorpe the land.

Then Oglethorpe got about one hundred and thirty men, women, and children together to bring to America. He would not let any but honest men

come. They were glad to get away from the hard life in England.

They crossed the Atlantic in the ship *Anne*. On the way two little boys died. They were buried in the ocean. Oglethorpe and his people landed first in South Carolina. There they were kindly treated. All sorts of food — bread, pork, turkeys, and beeves — were sent to them. They thought they had never seen a land of such plenty.

While the people rested for a few days, Oglethorpe went to find a place for his town. He went down the South Carolina coast, and came into the mouth of the Savannah River. He went up the river till he came to a high, level bluff. It was called Yamacraw Bluff. Here he stopped. Oglethorpe liked the place. He thought that God must have meant such a beautiful place to be the home of his people.

There was a tribe of Indians that lived near. Oglethorpe went to see them. He asked them to let him settle on the bluff. Old Tomochichi, their chief, said, "There is plenty of room for both red men and white men. Bring your people on to the woods."

Then Oglethorpe went back for his people. He got them ready. Together they all left South Caro-

lina to go to Savannah. This was to be the name of their new town. They spent their first night on the bluff in four big white tents under the tall pine trees. Oglethorpe had a small tent to himself under three pine trees.

The next morning Oglethorpe called the people together. They had prayer and gave thanks to God for keeping them safe. Then the men went to work to build houses and to clear fields. It was a very busy time for all.

Oglethorpe always treated the Indians kindly. They all loved him. An Indian once said, "We love him. It is true he does not give us silver, but he gives us everything we want that he has. He has given me the coat off his back and the blanket from under him."

Other people came to Savannah. It soon came to be quite a little city. Oglethorpe settled other towns. He stayed with his people in Georgia nearly ten years. Then he went back to England. The king praised him, and at last made him commander of all his armies.

A county and also a town in Georgia are proud to bear the name of Oglethorpe.

A GEORGIA KING

The Indians lived in all the country about Savannah. They lived in all Georgia. They were divided into many tribes. Each tribe had a ruler who was called a chief. The chief was a sort of king.

The Indians that lived near Savannah were called Yamacraws. Their chief was named Tomochichi. When Oglethorpe came, Tomochichi was nearly ninety years old. But he was very straight and more than six feet high. As he walked, his step was light and springy. His eye was bright and clear, and his whole face showed a strong mind and a noble heart. He was, indeed, a Georgia king.

Tomochichi loved Oglethorpe. He soon saw that the English were very much stronger than the Indians. He knew it would be best for the Indians to keep peace with the white people. Tomochichi had always been a great warrior, and the other chiefs had great respect for him, so he could get the other chiefs to do almost as he wished them to do. He

got them to come to Savannah to have a "big talk" with Oglethorpe. Many chiefs came.

They had their "big talk" in one of the new houses at Savannah. The chiefs were big, stout men. They were dressed in skins, war paint, and feathers. They were bold, fierce looking men. When all was ready, a chief, called Long King, made a speech. Then the other chiefs made speeches. Tomcchichi spoke last. Oglethorpe then replied to all their speeches in a very kind manner. A treaty of peace was made. A treaty is an agreement between two peoples not to fight each other. In this way, Tomochichi was a good friend to Oglethorpe and his people.

After some months, Oglethorpe went back to England. Tomcchichi and Seenawki, his wife, and some other Indians went with him to see that great country.

King George invited the Indians to visit him in his fine palace. The Indian king was very proud to visit the English king, so when the day for the visit came, the Indians dressed themselves in their finest beads, their brightest paints, and their longest feathers. Tomochichi wore also a scarlet mantle of rich velvet. It was trimmed with bright gold lace.

.

Seenawki wore a bright red dress made almost like an Indian dress. The others wore their paints, beads, feathers, and blue shawls.

The king sent three of his fine coaches to take the Indians to the palace. Each coach was drawn by six beautiful horses. Altogether these Indians made a strange sight in the great city of London. Thousands of people crowded the streets and windows to see them pass.

Then the Indians were led before the king. He was seated on his throne with the queen beside him. Tomochichi made a speech to King George. At the close of his speech, he gave the king a bunch of eagle's feathers, and said, "These are the feathers of the eagle, which is the swiftest of birds, and which flieeth all around our nation. These feathers signify peace in our land and have been carried from town to town there. We have brought them over to leave with you, O great king, as a sign of everlasting peace between your people and our people!" Then King George made a speech and gave each of the Indians a rich present.

The Indians spent four months in England. They were well treated everywhere. Once they went to Eton. This is a famous school for boys. Tomo-

chichi liked the exercises. He had spent most of his life out in the open air in the woods. He thought that boys who were shut up in rooms and bent over books must be very tired, so he begged that a holiday be given the boys. The boys liked him for this and gave him a loud huzza.

At last one of the Indians died. Then the others wanted to come back to Georgia. They brought a great many presents with them. They gave some of them to the Indians who had not gone to England.

Tomochichi thought England a fine country. He wished that his own people might have schools, churches, and cities. He hoped that they might learn, and some day be great like the English. After a time John Wesley came to Georgia to teach the Indians. Tomochichi went to meet him, and said, "I am glad you have come to speak the *great word* to us. I will do my best to get our people to listen well to you." Seenawki brought Wesley a present of a jar of honey and a jar of milk. She said to him, "The honey signifies our kind feelings toward you; the milk signifies the needs of our children; so please come and teach them."

Tomochichi had a nephew who was named Toonahowi. Tomochichi gave Toonahowi to Ogle-

thorpe to be educated and brought up as a Christian. As long as Tomochichi lived, he was a friend to Oglethorpe and the English. He helped them in every way he could.

At last, when he was ninety-seven years old, he fell sick. George Whitefield went to see the old chief. He found Tomochichi lying on a blanket under a great live oak. Seenawki sat by his side and cooled him with a fan made of the snow-white feathers of a crane. The old chief could not talk much. Whitefield said to him, "Where do you think you will go when you die?" Tomochichi answered, "To heaven." He died a few hours later.

He was buried in one of the main squares of Savannah. That was where he had wished to be buried. When you visit Savannah, you may see his monument. It is a huge, rough piece of stone placed on his grave. Why do you think the stone was left rough?

A GEORGIA PRINCE

Toonahowi was a young Indian. He was one of those that went with Oglethorpe to England.

King George had a son William, who was the Duke of Cumberland. This young prince liked Toonahowi, and gave him a fine gold watch. Prince William said to Toonahowi, "Whenever you look at the watch to see the time of day, remember me, and call on the name of Jesus, the blessed Saviour of us all!" Toonahowi was proud of his watch and he loved his young English friend very much.

Toonahowi once sailed down the Georgia coast with Oglethorpe and Tomochichi. They were going to see the country. They came in sight of a large, beautiful island. Before that time, the Indians had called it Sassafras Island because so many sassafras bushes grew there. But now Toonahowi wished its name changed. He begged Oglethorpe to call it after the name of his friend who had given him the much-prized watch, so it was called Cumberland Island, in honor of Prince William, the Duke of Cumberland.

Spaniards lived in Florida just south of Georgia. They hated Oglethorpe and his people. Once the Spaniards raised a large army. They came over into Georgia and began to kill the people and burn their houses. Oglethorpe got his men ready and a battle was fought in a large marsh.

Toonahowi had now become the chief of the Yamacraws. He fought bravely for the English in this battle. He loved Oglethorpe as Tomochichi had loved him. No English soldier fought more boldly for Oglethorpe than Toonahowi. Tomochichi had always wished Toonahowi to be a "big warrior."

In this fight, Toonahowi met a Spanish captain. They began to try to kill each other. Toonahowi with raised tomahawk was rushing upon the captain. The captain fired upon Toonahowi with his pistol. The ball broke Toonahowi's arm. Down fell the arm and the tomahawk dropped to the ground. But Toonahowi, quick as a flash, drew his own pistol and shot the Spaniard through the brain.

The Spaniards were all either killed or driven away. So many were killed that the place was called Bloody Marsh. The Spaniards did not trouble Oglethorpe any further.



AN ALLIGATOR

OGLETHORPE'S PEOPLE AND THE GEORGIA ALLIGATORS

Oglethorpe's people found many kinds of animals in Georgia that they had never seen before. They did not know what to make of these animals. Do you think the animals knew what to make of the people?

There were big rattlesnakes in the woods and swamps. These would coil themselves in a great heap. Then if anyone came near them, the singing of their rattles was dreadful. They bit one or two of the people. Those who were bitten died. The people were soon very much afraid of the rattlesnakes.

When any of them walked in the woods, they would wear big, loose leggings. His fangs could not reach through to the flesh.

There were a great many huge alligators in the Savannah River. Have you ever seen an alligator? Here is a picture of one. He is a big, ugly beast, and looks very dangerous. He is almost covered with bony scales. His skin is so thick and hard that a

rifle bullet cannot easily go through it. He has a huge mouth, with long, sharp teeth. You would think he could swallow a whole boy. Alligators are very fond of pigs and puppies, but sometimes they swallow stones and pine knots.

Oglethorpe's people feared these monsters more than anything else. They could see great numbers of them on the banks of the river. At night they could hear the loud bellowing of the alligators. The brutes would eat their calves and pigs, and the people feared that themselves and their children might be eaten also.

But Oglethorpe did not think the alligators would harm the people. He had never known of an alligator eating a man. He had noticed that when a man went near one, the alligator would slide into the water and go away.

So Oglethorpe thought he would show his people that alligators were not very dangerous. He had some of his soldiers shoot one so as to cripple it. Then it was dragged up into the streets of Savannah. Oglethorpe called all the boys to play with the alligator. They came, a great, merry, shouting crowd. They would poke the alligator with sticks. He would blow, and slap the ground with his big, long tail.

They would hit him with stones. He would blow and slap again. He would snap his great jaws, and then the boys took good care to keep out of his reach. The boys kept on poking and beating him. It was great fun. At last they killed the alligator. I fear that these boys did not have very tender hearts.

It is nowhere told whether the people were afraid of alligators after that. But it is certain that they did not run away. They stayed on in their beautiful city of Savannah.

THE CHIEF WHO HAD DREAMS

When the Georgia colony was not very old, there lived a man on the Savannah River in South Carolina, who traded with the Indians. His name was Galphin. He had a trading post in our state. It was in what is now Jefferson County. He kept beads, ear-rings, and other trinkets. He also had guns, powder, shot, and cloth. He traded these things to the Indians for all sorts of skins, and sometimes for land.

Once Galphin was at his trading post in Jefferson. An old Indian chief came to trade. Galphin was wearing a bright red coat. The chief thought it a very fine coat. He wanted it for himself. He began to plan how he might get it.

At last the old chief said to Galphin, "Me had dream."

"You did?" said Galphin. "What did you dream?"

"Me dream you give me that coat," said the cunning old Indian. This was a polite way the Indians

had of asking for anything they wanted. If one asked for a gift in this way, it was not polite to refuse him.

"Very well, you shall have the coat," said the trader, and so he took off his coat and gave it to the chief.

The chief was very glad. He put on his new coat and felt that he was richly dressed.

The chief owned a large tract of land nearby. Galphin wanted this land. He thought he now had a chance to get it. He waited for some time till he thought the chief had forgotten. At last one day he said to him, "Chief, I had a dream last night."

"Ugh! What you dream?" asked the Indian.

"I dreamed you gave me all this land in the fork of these creeks," said Galphin.

"Well, you take him," said the Indian; "but we dream no more." The Indian chief now thought that he had not got his red coat so cheap, after all. No one knows what went with the old chief, but Galphin became rich. The old trading post in Jefferson is now called Old Town.

THE MAN WHO LOVED CHILDREN

The people in England had heard of the Indians. A great many of them were sorry for the Indians. They thought the Indians should be taught about Christ. They wanted the Indians to have schools and churches, so a great many men came to America to teach and to preach to them. Among these was George Whitefield.

In Georgia, Whitefield found a great many children whose fathers and mothers were dead. These children were very poor. Often they had not enough to eat and almost nothing to wear. Often, too, they were cruelly treated. They had hard times. Whitefield felt more pity for these poor children than he did for the Indians. He made up his mind to build a home for them. This home should be a place where the children would be fed, clothed, and taught. Best of all, they were to be loved and treated kindly.

Whitefield did not bother about the Indians any more. He went to work for the children. The

Georgia trustees gave him five hundred acres of land for them. But Whitefield had to get money to build a house for the children. He also needed money for clothes, furniture, and food for them, so he traveled through the colonies and even through England to get money.

At first not many people came to hear him. After a time, so many came that when they sang they could be heard two miles away. When he asked for money for his orphan's home, they gave. Even the poorest person gave his little. Once they gave him so much money that he could not carry it. I guess he had it hauled.

Another time the great Benjamin Franklin went to hear Whitefield. Franklin was a man who always wanted to keep his money, so he thought he would not give anything. He sat down with the other people. He had a pocketful of copper, silver, and gold money. Whitefield began to preach. Franklin soon found he liked to hear him, so he thought he would give the copper money. He listened and liked the sermon better and better. Then he made up his mind that he would give the silver money. At last the sermon was ended. Then a man came around with a plate for money. Franklin emptied his whole

pocketful of copper, silver, and gold into the plate and felt better.

Whitefield kept at this work of getting money for a home for the orphans. At last he had enough. Then forty children were taken to the home. They were glad to have so good a place to live. They worked in the fields and gardens. A good school was taught for them. They now had plenty to eat and wear. They were taught and kindly treated.

The home was called The Bethesda Orphans' Home. There are many other homes for orphans now in Georgia, but this was the first one.

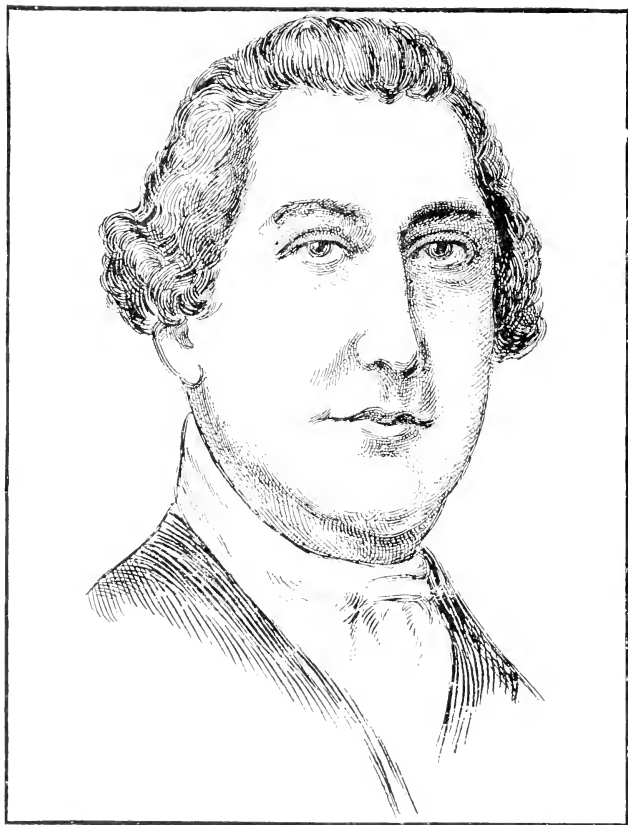
We have a county named for Whitefield, and also one for Franklin.

SOME LIBERTY BOYS

For a long time, Georgia was under the rule of England. After awhile some of the people thought England was not treating them right. Then they wanted Georgia to be free from England. Those who wanted to be free called themselves Liberty Boys. Those who wanted Georgia to be ruled by England were called Tories. The Liberty Boys and Tories soon came to hate each other very much. Then there was a great war. It was called the Revolution.

A great many men who lived in Savannah were Liberty Boys. Edward Telfair was one; John Milledge was another. Dr. Noble Wimberly Jones was one of their leaders. He was called the "Morning Star of Liberty." Archibald Bulloch and Joseph Habersham were two others. There were many besides these.

In Savannah, there was a large quantity of powder that belonged to the English. General Washington was getting ready for war, and the Liberty Boys did



JAMES HABERSHAM

not have enough powder, so they planned to take the English powder for themselves.

When night came, they met in a quiet place. They made as little noise as they could. They made their plans, and when most people were asleep, they went to the house where the powder was stored. With axes and heavy pieces of wood, they broke in the door of the house. Then they went in and each took all the powder he could carry. They took part of it to the garrets and cellars of their houses. This was used by these Georgia Liberty Boys. A part of it they sent to South Carolina and Massachusetts. It is said that some of this powder was used by Washington's soldiers at the battle of Bunker Hill. The British governor of Georgia tried very hard to find out who took the powder, but he could not.

About two months after this, the people of Savannah heard that a British ship was coming to their town. It was loaded with powder for the British and Indians in Georgia. The Liberty Boys did not like this, so they made up their minds to meet the ship, and take the powder for themselves.

A vessel was made ready. It had ten cannon and fifty men. It was put under the command of Captain Bowen and Joseph Habersham. Then the ship's

anchor was raised, its sails were spread, and it went gliding down the river. It passed from the river and out to sea a little way. There it waited.

At last the Liberty Boys on board saw the tips of a ship's masts over the water. They thought this might be the British powder ship, so they watched and waited. On, on, the ship came, and they could see more and more of it. Then they saw the white sails and the British flags. The vessel came on like some great bird.

The Liberty Boys waited till it had begun to enter the mouth of the river. Then they spread all their sails, and started after the powder ship.

The British captain saw them, and had his ship turned about. He wanted to get away. He would not wait to fight. He sailed straight out to deep sea. The Liberty Boys followed fast. They gained on the British vessel. When they were near enough, they fired on it till the British gave up.

The Liberty Boys took all the powder. They kept a part for themselves and sent a part to Philadelphia for General Washington. He used this powder to drive the British from Boston. This was the first British ship taken by the Americans in the Revolution. The powder was a great help to the Americans.

The British governor of Georgia was Sir James Wright. He was a very good governor, but the Liberty Boys thought Georgia ought no longer to be ruled by a British governor; so they made up their minds he must be taken and shut up in prison.

Joseph Habersham said he would arrest Wright, so he took a few of his friends and went to the governor's house. He boldly passed the man who was on guard at the door. Straight on into the house Habersham walked. He soon found the governor and some members of his council. Habersham went right up to the governor, and put his hand on his shoulder. Then he boldly said, "Sir James, you are my prisoner." The governor thought Habersham had a whole army outside to help him, so he gave himself up. The members of the council at once ran away. Some of them were in such a great hurry to leave, they went out at the windows. The governor was shut up a prisoner in his own house. He was the last British governor that Georgia had.

In these ways and many others, the Liberty Boys did much to free Georgia. Habersham County is named for this Major Habersham.



GEORGE WALTON

THE BOY WHO STUDIED BY PINE KNOTS

George Walton's father and mother died when he was a very small boy. Then no one seemed to care for him. At last he was given into the charge of a carpenter. This carpenter agreed to teach George how to build houses. George was to work for him till he should be grown.

This man made him work very hard. George did not mind that, for he liked to work, but he wanted to learn, too. As he worked the whole of every day except Sunday, he had no time to go to school.

He soon made up his mind that he would learn all he could, anyway; so after his day's work was done, he would gather into the house a great heap of rich pine knots. These make a bright light. The carpenter would not let George burn candles. That would cost too much. George would build a fire of his pine knots. He would then read and study by its light. Sometimes he had to borrow books.

Other boys would go to serenade or to hunt at night. They said they had good times and great fun. They

would beg George to go with them, but he thought this would be wasting time. So he would not go. He stayed by his pine knot fire with his books.

He did his carpenter work very well and kept at it. His master liked him and gave him a chance to make some money for himself. George saved his money. At last the carpenter thought George had done enough work for him. So he set George free long before his time was out.

Young Walton took his books and what money he had saved and came to Savannah. There he studied law. He soon became a good lawyer.

He fought in the Revolution. Then he was sent to the Congress of the colonies. George Walton, Button Guinnett, and Lyman Hall were the men from Georgia who signed the Declaration of Independence. This was a great paper that said all the colonies were free and independent. It was a great honor to have signed this paper. Walton was sent to Congress six times. He was one of the governors of Georgia. He also became a judge. There is a county named for each of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence.

What do you think George Walton would have been if he had not studied by his pine knot fire?

THE PEOPLE'S FIRST GOVERNOR

After the Liberty Boys arrested Sir James Wright, they then made Archibald Bulloch governor. They called him "president." That was the same as "governor," at that time. He was a noble patriot of the Revolution. He was the first governor that the people of Georgia elected for themselves. Before that time, the English king had always sent them a governor.

Bulloch thought a government ought to be for the good of all the people. He thought that all men should have equal rights in the state. He did not think the people's money should be spent for fine dress and show for the state's officers.

He was made "president" of Georgia in 1776. At that time, Colonel Lachlan McIntosh was in command of the Georgia soldiers at Savannah. Colonel McIntosh thought that he would compliment the new "president" and show respect for him. So he sent a soldier in fine uniform to stand guard at the door of the "president's" house.

Bulloch did not like this. He knew it was meant



ARCHIBALD BULLOCH

to honor him and his office, but he said that he was only a servant of the people, and that he did not wish any show made for him. So he politely asked Colonel McIntosh to send the soldier away.

When the Declaration of Independence was made, a copy of it was sent to the governor of each state. A copy was sent to Governor Bulloch. He at once let the people know the good news that they were free from England. They then gathered at the Liberty Pole. This was a tall pole with a flag at the top. It stood in one of the main streets.

The people were shouting and making gay music. Bulloch got on a high place and read the Declaration to them. Bulloch was the first man to read the Declaration of Independence in Georgia.

Thirteen salutes were fired from the cannon in honor of the thirteen states. Great crowds of men and boys marched through the streets to the sound of fife and drum. Then they had a great dinner. Everybody ate. At night there were great bonfires that lit up the whole city. The people were glad to be free from England. Georgia was then an independent state.

There is a fine, rich county in the eastern part of the state that is named for Bulloch.

“COME AND TAKE IT”

In olden times, Sparta was a city across the sea in Greece. The men of Sparta were very brave and warlike. Leonidas, the King of Sparta, was once holding a narrow pass between the mountains and the sea. This pass was a sort of gate to his country. He had with him three hundred of his bold Spartan soldiers.

The Persians were eager to march through this pass. They wanted to get into Greece to make war on the people. There were thousands and thousands of the Persians. The Persian King was sure the little band of Spartans would be afraid of his great army, so he sent Leonidas an order to give up the pass. Do you know the reply of Leonidas? It was only these words, “Come and take it.” That was a short way to tell the Persians that they would have to fight for the pass if they got it.

Now, do you know that a Georgia soldier once sent a reply like that? His name was John McIntosh. He was of a famous Scotch family that had

made its home in Georgia. He was a brave soldier in the time of the Revolution.

He was once in command of the American fort at Sunbury. The British, under Colonel Fuser, came to take this fort. They made their camps all about the fort. Now and then they would fire on it with their cannon. This was meant to frighten Colonel McIntosh and his Georgians. It was kept up for several days.

At last Fuser sent McIntosh word to give up the fort to him. McIntosh sent back the bold message: "Come and take it." Then it seemed that Fuser thought that he did not very much want the fort, anyway. At any rate, he did not try to take it. He soon marched away with his red-coated British soldiers.

Later, the Georgia Legislature gave Colonel McIntosh a beautiful sword. On it were the words: "Come and take it." McIntosh became a general. He had an uncle, General Lachlan McIntosh, who was also a famous soldier in the Revolution.

McIntosh County is named for this family.

HOW SEVEN CAPTURED ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY

The British had taken Sunbury and Augusta. They had also taken Savannah and had a large army there. General Prevost was in command of the British in Savannah.

General Washington sent General Lincoln to take Savannah from the British. When Prevost heard this, he sent for the other British soldiers in Georgia to come and help him.

At Sunbury, there was a large body of British. About one hundred and fifty of them tried to sail up the coast to Savannah in five small ships, but the winds were against them. At last they could go no farther in the ships, so they landed about fifteen miles from Savannah. They hoped to slip into the city before the Americans could find them, but night came on too soon for them, and they had to camp in the woods.

Colonel John White was a Georgia soldier. He found out where the British were camped for the

night. He made up his mind that he would take them prisoners. He told his plans to the other American officers. They laughed at him, but he did not care for that. He tried his plan, anyway.

After dark, he took six of his friends and went near the British camp. They were near enough to see the British fires. They could see the men moving about.

Colonel White and his friends then built a long line of fires as though a large number of men were in camp. Then he and his men moved from one end of this line of fires to the other. They got on their horses and rode about in great haste. They would gallop the whole length of the line. They gave orders in loud tones as if they were giving commands to several hundred men. All this they did to make the British think that a large army was there.

At last, Colonel White rode his horse at full speed into the British camp. He rode up to the officer who was in command. "Surrender! Surrender at once!" he shouted. "Do you not see all my men yonder? They are eager to fall on your men. I have held them back for hours. I can't keep them in check much longer. Surrender at once, or they will kill you all."

At this moment, one of White's men dashed up to

him. "Where shall we place the cannon, sir?" he said.

"Wait," replied White to him. "Wait awhile to place the cannon. The British will surrender. Go, send me six guides."

Colonel White had made his plans to fool the British. Sure enough, they were fooled. Their commander thought Colonel White had a large body of men about that long line of blazing fires, so he handed his sword to White and said he would surrender. Then the soldiers gave up their guns. About that time, White's lone six men came up. They pretended to be the guides White had sent for.

White took charge of the British and led them into the American camp. The officers who had laughed at his plans now praised his deed. Can you guess how mad the British were when they saw that only seven Americans had captured one hundred and fifty of them?

Georgia has a county named for this Colonel John White.

A BAREFOOT CAPTAIN

Benjamin Taliaferro joined the American army when he was about sixteen years old. At first, he was a lieutenant, but he was so good a soldier, that he was soon made a captain.

Taliaferro was in General George Washington's army. The Americans were having a hard time. They did not have many men. Even these sometimes had to do without food, and sometimes almost without clothes.

Often as they marched over the snow, their bare feet left tracks of blood.

The British thought that they were going to whip the Americans. One of their generals said, "At last we have run down the old fox and we shall bag him in the morning." By the "old fox," he meant General Washington.

But they did not catch the "old fox." Instead, during the night, General Washington slipped around behind the British army. When day came, there was the "old fox" ready for a fight. The British General

was so surprised he did not know what to do. General Washington began a battle that lasted only twenty minutes. All of the British who could, soon ran away, but some of them were captured.

Taliaferro and his men took a company of British prisoners. The British captain of this company was dressed in a rich, red uniform. He looked very fine. He called for the American captain. He wanted to give him his sword. This was to show that he had surrendered to the Americans.

Captain Taliaferro had on no shoes. His clothes were torn and ragged. He was brave in battle, but he was ashamed to come out before this richly dressed British captain. He feared that the British soldiers would laugh at his ragged clothes and bare feet, but soon he stepped forward and took the sword. Then he and his men marched the British away to prison. The British soon knew that they could not conquer soldiers who would fight when they had few clothes and little food.

Benjamin Taliaferro lived in Georgia many years. The people put him in several places of power and trust. They also named a county for him.

THE MAN WHO WENT BACK FOR PULASKI

Count Pulaski was a nobleman who came from Poland. He fought for the Americans in many battles of the Revolution. He was a bold leader of a legion of horsemen.

Thomas Glascock was one of the captains of Pulaski's legion. Glascock was a Georgian. His home was at Augusta.

The Americans tried to take Savannah from the British. Pulaski and his legion were helping. They laid siege to the city for many days. At last the Americans made a great attack on Savannah, and a fierce battle was fought.

Pulaski rode a large black horse. While the battle was raging, Pulaski saw an opening in the British ranks. He thought that would be a good place to break through. He hoped that he might charge through this and win the battle, so he put himself at the head of his men and called on them to follow him. Then the lines of horsemen dashed forward, Glascock among the rest. Their swords glittered

in the sunlight and their shouts could be heard far away. On, on, they rode, fast as the wind.

But the British were ready for them. When Pulaski and his men were near enough, the British cannon boomed, boomed, on them, and many of the bold riders fell dead. Pulaski himself was shot. His horse reared, and the Polish leader fell to the ground. His men were still falling. They could not stand the fire from the cannon, so they had to turn their horses and run away. Pulaski was left behind. They thought he was dead.

Glascok soon found that Pulaski had been shot and left behind. He at once rode back. Glascok meant to bring him away. The balls were flying and whistling and screeching on all sides. It seemed almost certain death to go among them. Glascok dashed ahead. He searched everywhere for Pulaski. At last he found him. He was still alive. Glascok tenderly lifted him to his own horse and carried him out of the way of danger, but Pulaski could not live, for he was hurt too badly. He died and was buried in the sea, not far from Savannah.

Glascok lived to be honored by Georgia in many ways. There is a county named for Glascok and one for Pulaski.

ROBERT SALLETTE

Robert Sallotte lived in Liberty County, but he had not always lived there. No one seemed to know where he came from. Not much was known about him.

But one thing was certain. Sallotte hated the British and Tories. He fought them in every way he could. He fought them so hard that they wanted him out of the way. They feared him very much. So a rich Tory said that he would give a large sum of money to whoever would cut off Sallotte's head and bring it to him.

Sallotte thought that he would like to have the money for himself, so he got a bag and put a pumpkin in it. He slung the bag over his head and went to the Tory's house. Sallotte put the bag on the floor so that it struck with a big noise. He told the Tory that he had brought Sallotte's head. So he had, but it was not in the bag. He told the Tory he wanted the money.

The Tory had never seen Sallotte, so he thought

this man had Sallette's head in the bag on the floor before him. Then he counted out the money and put it on the table. He was very glad to think that there was no more danger from Robert Sallette. He then asked the man to show him the head.

Sallette took off his hat, leaned toward the Tory, tapped himself on his forehead and said, "Here is the head of Robert Sallette."

The Tory was so frightened that he did not wait to look at it. He ran with all his might.

Sallette put the money in his pocket and left. He was well pleased at carrying Sallette's head to the Tory.

THE WAR WOMAN

Nancy Hart lived in Elbert County in the time of the Revolution. She was tall, large, and strong. She had a hot temper and feared nothing.

She hated the British and Tories with all her heart, but she was always ready to help the American soldiers in any way she could. She would give them whatever she had to eat. Sometimes she gave the hungry Americans all the food she had in the house.

On one day, five Tories came to her house. They asked her for something to eat. She said that she had nothing left but an old turkey gobbler. She said she did not want to feed Tories anyway. This made them angry. One of them shot the turkey and told her to cook it for them.

She then began to plan some way to get even with them. She went to work to cook a dinner for them. They put their guns down in a corner. Then they seated themselves to rest and talk. She laughed and talked with them. Soon they had no fear of her.

At last she had the dinner ready. The Tories were

hungry. They sat down to the table to eat. They were soon busy with the old gobbler. Nancy told her daughter to go to the spring and bring some fresh water. She also made a sign to her daughter to blow a conch shell so that help would come. The Tories did not see her make this sign.

While the Tories were eating, Nancy put two of their guns through a crack. They did not see her do this, but they saw her when she tried to put the third one through. They sprang from the table and tried to seize her, but she pointed one of the guns at them. She told them to stop. She said she would shoot the first man who moved. After a time one of them stepped toward her. She shot him dead. Then another tried to get to her. She shot him also.

Then no more of them dared try to come toward her, but they tried to make friends with her. They thought she might still let them have their guns and they would get away, but they were men who had killed some of her friends, and had burned their houses. She thought they were not true to their country and were fighting against it, so she hated them too much to let them get away. She kept the gun pointed at the Tories, and the Tories kept their distance.

Soon help came. Some of the Liberty Boys had heard the conch shell. They took the other three Tories and hanged them.

Nancy Hart helped the Americans a great deal. Hart County was named in her honor. The Indians named a creek for her. They called it War Woman Creek.

TAKEN FOR SPIES

While Georgia was in the hands of the British, little was to be gained in the state by fighting them, there were so many of them.

So John Milledge and James Jackson made up their minds to go together to General Moultrie's army in South Carolina. They were each about twenty-one years of age. Their clothes were very ragged and they had no shoes. Times were hard in Georgia.

There was danger from Indians, Tories, and British in every nook and corner of the woods. They did not know what moment an Indian would fire at them from behind some rock or tree. They could imagine Tories and British everywhere, ready to take them and kill them, but they went on. They wanted to help General Moultrie in his battles against the British.

They crossed the Savannah River into South Carolina. Not far from the river, some men came up in front of them, and shouted, "Halt!" Milledge and Jackson were not frightened. They thought

these men were friends. They could see from their uniforms that the men were American soldiers. As Milledge and Jackson were American soldiers, they thought they had nothing to fear.

But these Americans were looking for some British spies. They did not know the two young men they had met. They thought Milledge and Jackson looked like some spies of whom they had heard, so the American soldiers said, "You are the spies we have been hunting."

"No," replied the young men. "We are not spies. We are soldiers from Georgia, and we are going now to join the army of General Moultrie."

The men did not believe Milledge and Jackson. They said to them, "We are sure you are spies, and we are going to hang you."

The two young men did not fear death so much as they dreaded the shame of being hung for spies, so they begged for their lives. Still the soldiers would not believe them, and began to get ready to hang them.

By chance, just at that time, a Major Devaux came up. He knew the soldiers. He also knew Milledge and Jackson. He told the soldiers that the two young men were Americans like themselves, and

that they were good patriots. Thus their lives were saved, and they found themselves among friends. Then they went on and joined General Moultrie's army.

Both these young men lived through the war. Each was in time made Governor of Georgia. The city of Milledgeville was named for John Milledge. He it was who gave the land upon which the State University at Athens stands.

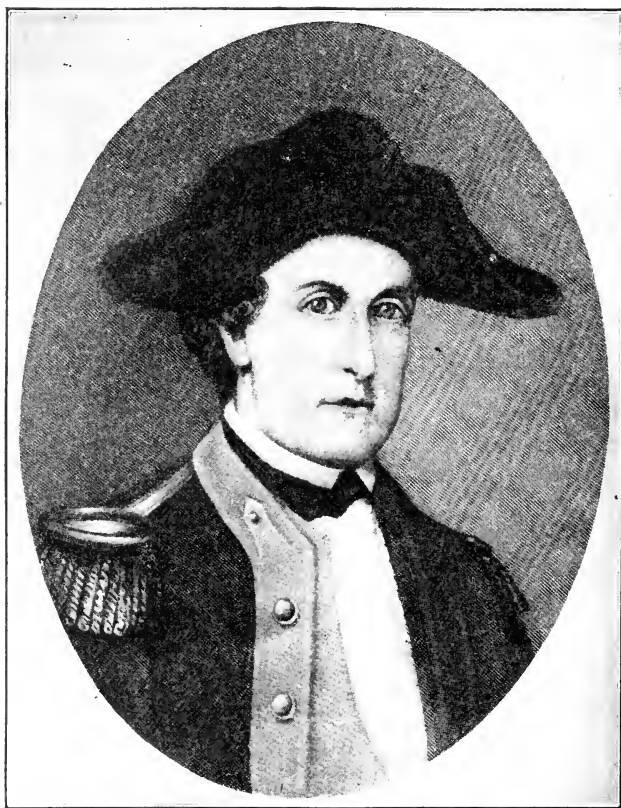
GENERAL ELIJAH CLARKE

Elijah Clarke lived on a farm in Wilkes County. When the Revolution began he joined the American army. He was made a colonel, and soon got into a battle. He was shot in the leg. Then he had to go home till he could be well again.

Soon the British and Tories began to kill and rob the people of Georgia. Clarke heard this news. He at once buckled on his sword, and took his rifle down from over the door, and mounted his horse. Then he rode day and night. He was getting the patriots together to fight the British. He soon had a band of one hundred brave Georgians. They were horsemen and carried long rifles.

These men lived most of their time in the woods and swamps. They did not often sleep in a house. They feared they would be taken prisoners. They had to suffer from hunger, thirst, and cold. They fought the enemy whenever they could, and whipped the British in a bloody battle at Kettle Creek.

This life was so hard that many of Colonel Clarke's men left him. Once there were only twenty. He



ELIJAH CLARKE

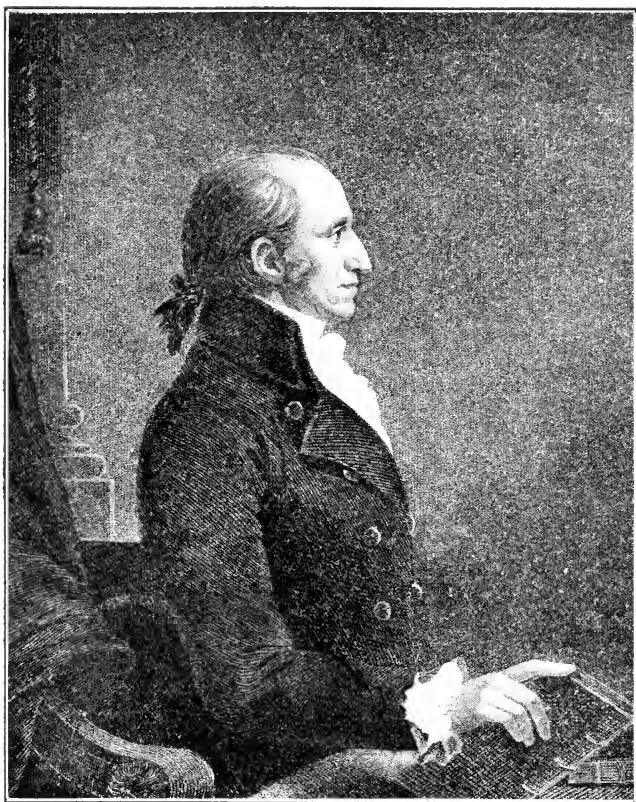
went to work and soon raised the number to three hundred. Then he tried to take Augusta from the British. He failed, but he got more men and tried again. This time they took it.

During the war, Clarke was wounded four times. Then he had smallpox. He was sick with it for six weeks, but each time, as soon as he was able to mount his horse, he would fight the British again.

Once he was taken prisoner. Two soldiers were set to guard him. He knocked one of them down with his fist. The other ran. Thus Clarke got away and went to his own men. He did a great deal to take care of the women and children. His own wife and daughter were driven from home by the Tories. They had only one poor little horse to go on. They did not go far before this was taken from them. This made Clarke very angry.

Once over four hundred women and children came to him for help. They begged him to lead them to a safe place. He carried them into Kentucky where there were no British and Tories.

Clarke was one of Georgia's greatest heroes. He became a general in the Revolution. It would take a whole book to tell of all his brave deeds. There is a fine county named for him.



JAMES JACKSON

JAMES JACKSON

James Jackson was not born in Georgia, but in England. He lived there till he was about fifteen years old. Then his father sent him to Savannah to live with John Wereat. This was a good home for him, for Wereat was one of Georgia's great men. He sent young Jackson to the best schools in Savannah. He also gave him a chance to study law.

Jackson was a good pupil and did well in all his studies. In time he grew to be a fine young man. Then he was a soldier in the Revolution. He helped Colonel Clarke take Augusta. As they could not at first take this city, they had to wait for more men to help them. It was several weeks before help came from South Carolina.

Some of the Georgia soldiers served out their time while they were waiting. Then they wanted to go home. They were ragged and hungry and tired of war, but they stayed on because they loved Colonel Clarke.

After a time Clarke became ill with smallpox. Then these soldiers said they would leave the army and go home. The officer who was in Colonel Clarke's place could do nothing with them. He begged and made threats, but that did not change their minds. Then he asked Jackson to help him. Jackson said, "Get the men together and let me talk to them."

So the soldiers were called together in a large open space in the camp. Then Jackson rode up in front of their lines. They looked very cross and angry. When he began to speak, they hooted and jeered. But he did not scold nor abuse them. Then they listened to him. He told them that the British were holding a part of Georgia, their own state. He said to them, "You are brave men, and you must be heroes and stay and fight to take Augusta from the British." He spoke to them so well that soon they were pleased. They threw up their hats and caps and gave him a loud, glad cheer.

When they were quiet again, Jackson asked all who would stay to hold up their hands. The hand of every man went up. They kept their promise to Jackson. They stayed and fought till Augusta was taken.

Jackson and his men fought hard for Georgia. When the Revolution ended, the British gave up Savannah to General Anthony Wayne. Wayne said, "The keys of the city must be handed not to myself, but to my young brother officer, Colonel James Jackson." General Wayne said that Jackson had done more than any other man to take Savannah.

So the keys were handed to Jackson, and he was the first Georgian to go riding into the city after it was given up.

Jackson also served the state well after the war was over. Jackson County is named in his honor.

KATE

Stephen Heard was one of Clarke's riflemen. He was in a good many fights. Later he became a Governor of Georgia. Heard County bears his name.

In the Revolution, Heard had a big gray horse. Its feet were white. So Heard called his horse Silver-Heels. Wherever there was fighting, there might be found Heard and Silver-Heels. This horse could run very fast, and more than once saved Heard's life.

But one time, neither of them was fast enough, and Heard was taken prisoner by the Tories. They carried him to Augusta. There they gave him up to the British commander of the fort. The British officers tried Heard for fighting against King George. They said that Heard must be hung. But they did not hang him at once. He was kept in the British camp several days.

His wife and children were at home. They were very sad when they were told that he was to be

hung. They did not know what to do to save his life.

Heard owned a large, strong negro woman, named Kate. The whole family had great faith in Kate. She told them not to grieve. "He ain't dead yit," she said. "I gwine go to de Gusty and git Massa Stephen away from dem Britishers."

So Kate went to Augusta. There she hired herself to the British commander to wait upon him and to wash for the officers. She did her work well and she was very polite. They all liked Kate. It was not long before they would let her go where she pleased about the fort.

But the British soon found out that Kate was Heard's slave. They did not send her away, for they liked her work too well. They did not think of her being able to help Heard to get away from them.

The British soldiers like to tease Kate. They would tell her that her master was going to be shot for a spy. She told them that when that was done, they ought to catch some of his blood and drink it. She said it would make braver, better men of them.

Kate waited and watched for her chance. At last one day she had a great lot of clothes to wash. She

was going to take them outside the fort to wash them. She had a wheelbarrow on which to carry them.

When no one was looking, she made Heard get on the wheelbarrow. She piled clothes over him. She hid him under the clothes. Then she rolled the clothes outside, Heard under them. It was a heavy load for her, but Kate was strong. She rolled them on and on. At last she had her load out of sight of the soldiers at the fort. Then she took the clothes off and Heard was free. He was very glad, too. Kate left her washing, and went home to tell the good news.

The next day Heard was helping Clarke fight the British again. He was careful not to be taken prisoner any more.

Then Heard told Kate that she might be free, but she said she did not want to be free. She wanted to stay "at home" with her master and his folks. Kate lived to be very old. She was always loved by the Heards.

THE FAITHFUL BROTHER

The first time Clarke tried to take Augusta, help came to the British. Then they swarmed out of the fort and tried to take the Georgians. There were so many of the British and Tories that the Georgians had to run away or be killed.

Many of Clarke's men had been wounded. These could not be carried away. So they were taken prisoners.

In Clarke's army, were two brothers. Their name was Glass. One of them was fifteen years old, and the other was seventeen. They were very young soldiers.

Both of these boys fought well. They did their best. In the fight, the older brother was shot in his legs. He was crippled so that he could not walk.

The younger brother was not hurt. He could have got away, but he loved his brother and would not leave him. He took him on his back and tried to carry him away from danger. But the older one was

large and he was small. The little fellow could not carry him fast enough. So the British soldiers made them both prisoners, and took them into the fort.

The commander of the fort was a Tory. He was a very cruel man. He wanted to see some of the Georgians suffer. So he had thirteen of the wounded soldiers killed. Among these were the two brothers. Thus the younger of them gave up his life in trying to save that of the older.

THE MAN WHO SAVED THE RECORDS

The records of the state are accounts of the acts of its officers. Such records are kept in large books. The records of a state are worth a great deal in many ways.

Once it was feared that the British would destroy the records of Georgia. So Captain John Milton took them and carried them to Charleston in South Carolina. He put them in a safe place there. He then went back to the army.

Soon the British began to get ready to take Charleston. Then the records were in danger again. So Milton asked to be sent to move them to some other safe place. He wanted to take care of them. He moved them this time in wagons to Newbern in North Carolina. Charleston was taken by the British soon afterwards. This showed that Milton had been right to move them away.

A third time the records were in danger. Then Milton moved them to Maryland. There he left them till it was safe for him to bring them back to

Georgia. Milton had saved the records three times. He had thus done the state a great service.

The British once took Milton prisoner. They carried him to St. Augustine in Florida. There they put him in a dungeon. A dungeon is a close, dark room of a prison. It is under the ground. In this dismal place, Milton lay for nine months. In all this time, he hardly saw the light of day. You may be sure he was glad to get out and come home to Georgia.

Captain Milton was Georgia's first Secretary of State. He was given the office three times. When the time came to elect a President, the Georgia vote was given to Milton. A county is named in his honor.

EDWARD TELFAIR

One of the finest sights in Savannah is the Telfair Art Gallery. The building is a large one. It is set in beautiful grounds, and in it are many elegant statues and grand pictures.

Edward Telfair was born in Scotland. When he was a young man, he came to Georgia. He was one of the Liberty Boys who helped Habersham to take the British powder. He was also a member of the Congress of the colonies. He grew rich through trade. When he died, he left his money to his daughters. They gave a part of it to build the Telfair Art gallery.

Telfair was Governor of Georgia when President George Washington visited the state in 1791. Washington came first to Savannah. Many people went there to see him. After that he went to Augusta, which was then the capital of Georgia. Some men on horseback traveled with him up through the country from Savannah to Augusta.

Governor Telfair and some of the people rode

out to meet Washington and make him welcome. Telfair had a large, beautiful home near Augusta. It was called "The Grove." Here he entertained Washington while he stayed in Georgia.

The Governor took Washington and his party to visit Richmond Academy. This was a fine school in



TELFAIR ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Augusta. They heard some speeches while at the school. Washington liked the speeches. He wrote down the names of the speakers. When he went back home, he sent each of them a nice book. He also wrote Governor Telfair a good letter. In it the President thanked Telfair and the Georgia people for treating him so well.

While Telfair was Governor, a man named Chis-

holm sued the state. The court decided in favor of Chisholm. Telfair did not think any man should have the right to sue the state, so he said that he would lock up any officer who tried to carry out the judgment of the court.

It was a vexing question. So to settle it forever, the United States took a hand in the matter. It was then written down in the Constitution of our country that no citizen should have the right to sue any state. This all came about from Telfair's strong will.

Georgia has named a county in his honor.

A YOUNG INDIAN FIGHTER

George Matthews was born in Virginia. Even when he was a boy, he was very brave. One day he and some other boys heard guns firing. They thought there was a shooting match at the house of a neighbor.

They got on their horses, and rode to their neighbor's house. It was not a shooting match. The Indians had come and killed all the family at that house.

When George and the other boys rode up, they saw the dead bodies lying in the yard. The boys were scared. They turned their horses, and ran away from the place. They had no guns to fight the Indians with.

They did not run away too quickly. The Indians had hidden themselves, so that they could kill anyone else who might come. As the boys ran, the Indians fired. Some of the bullets came very close. One came so close that it cut George's cue off. In those days, the men and boys wore their hair long. They

wore it in a long plait calle a cue. The boys made their horses run faster than ever.

George got away without any other harm to himself. But he was very angry with the Indians. He got some men to go with him to try to find these bad Indians. Soon they overtook them and there was a fight. They killed nine of the Indians. George fought as bravely as any of the men.

When Matthews was older, he became a great Indian fighter. He also fought in the Revolution, and became a general. After he settled in Georgia, he was twice Governor of the state. He was also sent to Congress by the people.

THE GUN THAT FAILED TO FIRE

David Emanuel lived in Burke County. Just south of Burke is another large, rich county that bears the name of Emanuel. The people once made David Emanuel Governor of the state. During the Revolution, he was very busy fighting the British and Tories in Georgia. Once he and two friends were taken prisoners by some Tories. They were carried away. They did not know what was to be done with them.

The Tories stopped when they came to a creek. They talked for a time about what they should do with Emanuel and the other two men. They said the prisoners would be in their way if they tried to keep them. They said it would not do to let Emanuel and his friends go, for then they would be fighting the British and Tories again. After awhile, the Tories thought the easiest thing to do would be to shoot their prisoners. Besides, the Tories could have the clothes of the three friends if they were killed. So the Tories said they would shoot them.

It was a dark night. The Tories built a big fire. They then named three of their number to do the

shooting. A big negro was to shoot Emanuel. He was to have Emanuel's clothes for killing him.

When all was ready, the three men were stripped. Then they were made to stand near the fire, where they could be easily seen. The men who were to shoot them next stepped out with their guns, and took their places. Then the command, "Fire," was given. Two of the guns fired, and Emanuel's friends fell dead. But the negro's gun did not fire and Emanuel was not hurt.

He did not wait for the negro to fix his gun to shoot at him again. He quickly leaped over the fire, and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. He did not get far before a vine tripped him, and he fell into a bog of soft mud. Into this he sunk almost to his neck. The Tories were coming close behind him. He kept very still. They whooped and shouted and hunted for him everywhere. Some of the Tories almost stepped on him.

In hunting for him, they got some distance away. Then he pulled himself out of the mud and ran off. He did not waste any time, and was soon lost to the Tories in the woods. He got safely away, and went home. After that the Tories tried to catch him again, but they never did.

AN INDIAN ATTACK

Every year the British would send beads, ear-rings, finger-rings, knives, guns, shot, powder, cloth, and other presents to the Indians in Georgia. The red men were very proud to have such things, and they thought very highly of the English people. So the Indians fought for the British in the Revolution. Even after the war was over, they would not leave off killing the Georgia people.

Soon after the war, a man whose name was William Tyner lived in Elbert County. His wife and five children lived with him. Mary and Tamar were the two oldest children. A boy named Noah was next. Then there was a smaller one, and last, the baby.

One day Tyner was away from home. The Indians came and attacked his wife and children. As there was no one to help them, the Indians soon killed the mother. They dashed the baby's head against a tree, and scattered its brains in the yard. They scalped the next little fellow and left him for dead.

While all this was going on, Noah slipped away

and hid himself in a hollow tree. The Indians did not find him. For many years people called this tree, "Noah's Ark."

The Indians carried Mary and Tamar away alive. They kept these girls with them till they grew to be women. They made Mary and Tamar work for them. The two girls had to bring wood and water for the Indians. They hoed the corn, dressed the buckskins, and cooked for the red men.

After a long time, a man who went among the Indians to trade, saw Mary and Tamar. He easily bought Mary from them. He tried to buy Tamar, too, but they would not sell her. So then he took Mary and carried her back home to her people.

And so Tamar was now left alone among the Indians. They soon began to think that she was making plans to get away from them, so they thought they would tie her to a stake, and burn her alive.

There was one old Indian woman who loved Tamar. She found out that the other Indians meant to burn the white woman. The old squaw did not want Tamar to be burned, so one night after all were asleep, she awoke Tamar. She quietly led her down to the river and gave her a canoe. Food had already been put in the little boat. The old

Indian squaw told Tamar how to go down the Chattahoochee River, and then said, "Good-by. Now go."

Tamar did not wait, but swiftly paddled away. Down the river she went, till day came. Then she hid herself and her canoe in the thick bushes at the edge of the water. Then, when night came, she again paddled down the river. This she kept up, day after day, and night after night.

As she paddled down the river, she could hear owls hoot and bears howl. Often she heard huge alligators bellow by the water's edge. Sometimes she heard the far-away shouts of Indians in the woods. All this only made her go the faster. On, on, she would paddle, till she could see the light of day. Then she would hide herself till night. Then, on again.

In this way, she at last reached Appalachicola Bay. There she was taken on board a ship, and carried to Savannah. Then she soon reached her home again. Her life with the Indians was over.

A DARING SCOUT

David Adams was a soldier in the Revolution. He was also a bold fighter in the war with the Creek Indians. He was a leader and a scout. A scout is a man who is sent to learn secretly all about the army of the enemy. Adams was a good scout. In time, he became a general.

The Creeks would cross the Chattahoochee River into the white men's country. One dark night, they crossed the river and crept upon the white settlements, while the people slept. They killed numbers of the people, burned their houses, and drove off a great many of their horses and cows. They then went back across the river to one of their own villages. Here their friends and their wives and children were waiting for them.

Adams soon got together a few hundred men, and followed the Indians. These men had never fought in a battle. Besides, there were not nearly so many of them as there were of the Indians, so Adams thought it would not be best to fight an open battle.

He thought that it would be better to wait till he could surprise them, so he did not lead his men near the Indians till they had crossed the river.

It was almost night when the Indians reached their village. The other Indians shouted and whooped with joy. They were glad to see their friends come home with so much plunder and so many horses and cows. They liked best of all to see the warriors with the scalps of the white men hung at their belts.

The sun soon went down. The Indians built big fires. Then they gathered around the bright lights, and began to dance and howl and yell. The braves would tell of their great deeds in fighting the white men. The women and children sang, the dogs barked, and the woods echoed the noise, again and again.

While all this was going on, Adams and his men came to the river. They could look across the water and see the Indians as they danced and whooped. The white men waited till the Indians should be weary of the dance.

The warriors kept up their dance till late in the night. But at last the fires went out and the Indians lay down to sleep. Then, after a time, all was still and quiet.

Now was the time to strike a blow at the red men. But Adams and his men did not know a way across the river. Some one would have to find a way. Adams did not send some one else. He went himself. He followed a trail into the river. But when he got into the cold, black water, he could hardly tell which way he ought to go. In some places, the water was only knee-deep, but in others, it was up to his chin. The bottom was very slippery. He could hardly stand in the water. But he went on and at last got across.

He found so many paths, he did not know which to take. He took one that led him below the village. But he turned and came back when he found that he had gone wrong.

He soon found himself on the edge of the village. He stopped to listen. You may be sure he made no more noise than he could help. He knew the Indians would kill him if they found him. He could not hear an Indian move. So he thought they were all asleep. Then he crept into the village. The red men were lying everywhere, asleep. They had their guns and tomahawks near, so they could reach them quickly.

Adams went all through the village. He looked over it well to see where would be the best place to

attack it. As he was creeping along, one big Indian moved himself. Adams quickly lay down. The Indian raised himself on his elbow, took his gun in his hand, and looked all about. He did not see Adams and soon he was asleep again. Then Adams went on.

When Adams started back to the river, he saw a pony. He thought he would take the pony and cross the river on it. But when he went up to the pony, he frightened it. It broke its rope and ran off. It had a bell on its neck that rattled and made a loud noise. This woke the braves, the women, the children, and the dogs. They all sprang up, and the woods were quickly filled with their yells, whoops, and barks.

Adams started to run, but he was caught in the briars and vines and lost his way. So he stopped still and waited. The Indians did not find him. At last all was quiet once more. Then he went to the river and crossed again to his men.

He told them what had happened. Then he led them across the river. They went quietly up to the village. The fighting began, but it did not last long. Hardly an Indian was left alive except the women and children. Thus they were punished for killing and plundering the white people.

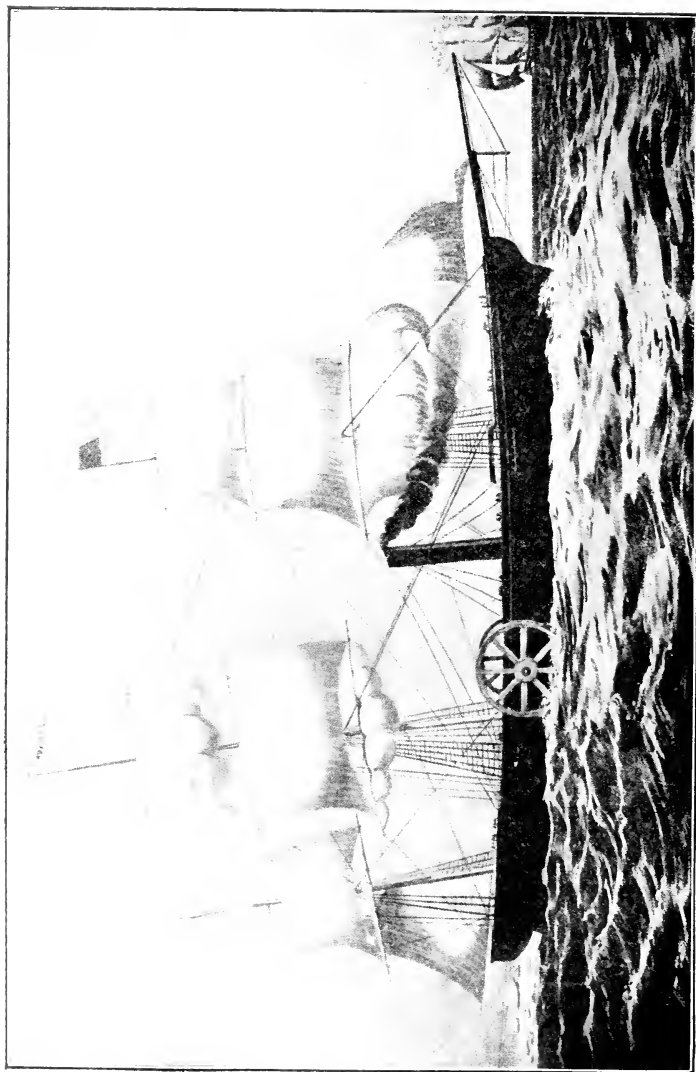
THE MAN WHO MADE A STEAMBOAT

Soon after the Revolution, there lived in Augusta a man whose name was William Longstreet. He was a quiet, shy man, but he loved fun, and liked to have a good laugh.

Some of his friends thought his mind could not be quite right, he had such strange ideas. He was always thinking and talking of a thing that could never be done. This queer man thought that a boat could be built to run by steam. His friends said that such a boat could never be made.

Longstreet even began to try to make such a boat. He did not have enough money to buy the iron and steel that was needed to make it. His rich friends, instead of letting him have money, laughed at him. But Longstreet did not give up.

At last he made a toy boat to run by steam. He showed this to his friends. He made it run for them. It would move on the water just as he had said it would. His friends still did not believe a big, heavy boat could be made to run by steam. They said a



STEAMSHIP SAVANNAH

light toy might be run with it, but not a large, heavy boat.

But Longstreet's mind was made up to show that steam would move a large boat too. People kept laughing at him, but it only made him work the harder to show them that he was not foolish. He *knew* he could build a steamboat, and, sure enough, in 1806 he finished his boat. It was large enough to carry about twenty people.

He had his boat on the Savannah River. He was going to try it to see if it would go. He asked his friends to ride on it with him. But most of them were afraid of it, and only a few would go on it.

At last they were ready to start. Longstreet had charge of the steam himself. He turned the boat down stream and it moved off. Some of those on shore were sure it would blow up. So they got into row-boats and went after them. They meant to pick up all those left alive when the steamboat should blow up. But this did not happen. Longstreet's boat went on down the river. One old farmer saw it and thought it was a floating blacksmith shop. When Longstreet had gone down the river some distance, he then turned his boat and went back to Augusta.

People no longer thought his mind was wrong. They now knew he was a very wise man. Longstreet did not try to make money on his boat. He was satisfied that he had shown people that he was not foolish. He ran this boat a whole year before Robert Fulton ran the *Clermont* on the Hudson River.

Twelve years later, some men in Savannah had a large ocean steamship built. They named it the *Savannah*. This steamboat went from Savannah to Liverpool in England. Then it went to St. Petersburg in Russia. It came back to Savannah in fifty days after it had left. It was the *first* steamship to cross the ocean.

THE BOY WHO HID UNDER THE BED

Colonel John Dooly was still another brave soldier in the Revolution. He lived and fought in Georgia. He was hated by the Tories.

Once he left the army and went home to see his wife, his boys, and girls. No doubt they were all glad to see him. Colonel Dooly had a little son, whose name also was John.

While Colonel Dooly was on this visit home, the Tories came one night. They broke into the house before Dooly had a chance to bar the door. They dragged him out of his bed. They tried to make him swear that he would fight for King George. Dooly would not do this, so they killed him.

The mother and children got away as best they could. Little John hid under a bed. He was too small to fight for his father's life. When the Tories had left, he came out. He was sad for a long time.

When this boy, John, grew up, he was a lawyer and a judge. He was a very funny man. He was nearly

always saying or doing something that made people laugh.

There was a Judge Tait who had a wooden leg. He became angry because of something Dooly had said. He sent Dooly a challenge to fight a duel.

It was likely that Dooly had not meant any harm by what he had said. At any rate, he did not want to try to kill Tait in a duel. He did not wish to give Tait the chance to kill him.

So he thought he would try to end the matter with a joke. He sent Tait word that he himself did not have a wooden leg as Tait had. He said he would fight a duel if Tait would agree for Dooly to stand with one of his legs in a bee-gum. This would make their chances for getting hurt equal.

This offer made Judge Tait more angry than ever. He wrote to Dooly. In the letter he said that Dooly was a coward not to fight. He said he meant to publish Dooly in the newspapers as a coward. Dooly wrote to Tait that he did not care for being published in the newspapers, if it were done at Tait's expense. Dooly said he had rather fill a *dozen* newspapers than to fill *one* coffin.

This was a funny way to speak of a duel. Judge

Tait laughed and forgot his anger. The whole state laughed, and this ended the duel.

Judge Dooly had his faults, but he was a good man, too. Once he was in Savannah. A poor woman asked him to give her a little money. She was hungry and wanted to buy food. For some reason, Dooly did not give it to her. After she had gone, he thought of how poor the old woman looked. He thought of his not giving her the money she had asked. He felt very bad about it. He could not forget the old woman. He could not forget that he had refused her. The more he thought of her, the more he grieved.

Then he made up his mind never again to refuse to give when asked. After that he always gave to whoever asked of him. He decided to err on the safe side. He was willing to give sometimes where there was no need rather than not to give where there was need.

Dooly County is named in honor of Judge Dooly's father.

THE THREE TATTNALLS

When Georgia was a colony of England, there was a Josiah Tattnall who lived at Savannah. He had a beautiful home. The dwelling house was rich and grand. The grounds were laid out and set with shade trees. Bright and beautiful flowers grew in beds, and along the walks. The name of this home was Bonaventure. Tattnall loved it very much.

When the Revolution began, Tattnall hardly knew what to do. He loved Georgia and did not wish to give up the beautiful Bonaventure. The Georgia people offered him the command of their soldiers in the war. But he thought that he ought not to fight against King George. He loved Georgia so much that he could not fight against it. At last he made up his mind to go away from Georgia. In this way, he would be forced to fight neither against King George nor against Georgia. As he sailed away, he looked back at his dear home. Tears fell from his eyes, and he said, "Bonaventure, fare thee well." Tattnall went to England.

With Tattnall, went his son, who was about twelve years old. This son also was named Josiah. He was put at school in England. He stayed in this school a little more than a year. He was always wanting to come back to Georgia, so his father put him under the care of an uncle. This uncle feared that young Josiah would leave England, and try to come back to Georgia, so he placed him on a man-of-war to learn to be a sailor. Thus it was hoped that the boy would forget Georgia, and not try to come back.

Then the man-of-war set sail for far-away India. But it happened that nearly all the sailors on this vessel were Americans. Young Tattnall heard them talk about America. He heard them tell about how the colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia were fighting to be free. This made him more eager than ever to come home to Georgia. He made up his mind to return at the first chance.

One day a man on the vessel said that the American people were doing very wrong to fight against King George. He said that they ought not to be free from England. He said hard things about the Americans. Young Tattnall heard the man, and disputed with him. Then they had a quarrel and became very

angry. At last they drew their swords and fought. Josiah wounded the man, but did not get hurt himself.

After a time young Tattnall found a vessel about to sail for America. He went on board. After a long voyage, he landed near Savannah. He went on foot to Ebenezer. There he found General Wayne's army, which he joined. The war was nearly over. It was too late to help fight the British, but he was glad to be at home in Georgia again.

Later he fought against the Indians. Then he was made a general. The state had taken Bonaventure as public property. Young Josiah Tattnall fought the Indians so well that Bonaventure was given to him. He was glad to live in the old home once more. Then he was made Governor of Georgia. While he was Governor, his father came to live in Georgia again. Young Josiah Tattnall was also made a United States Senator.

Governor Tattnall had a son, and his name was Josiah. He was the third Josiah Tattnall. This Josiah Tattnall entered the United States navy. He became a captain after a short time. Once he was in the harbor of Canton in China, on his vessel. England and France had had trouble with China. They had sent some officers to China to see about the

matter. The vessels on which they came were not allowed to come near the shore. The Chinese kept them waiting. The French and English officers grew tired of this. At last they said they would go on the shore anyway. They started. Then the Chinese fired on them with cannon. They aimed so well that some of their ships were sunk. Many of the French and English were killed and wounded.

Captain Tattnall saw great numbers of them in the water. He saw that they would be drowned. It was against the law of Nations for him to help them. But he said, "Blood is thicker than water." Then he went and helped the French and English who were in the water. He saved all of them he could. He could not bear to see people of his own blood and kin killed without helping them.

He became a commodore. He fought in the War of 1812. In the Mexican War, he commanded a fleet that was called the "Mosquito Division." It was made up of small, light vessels. They could sail very fast and get from one place to another quickly. This fleet was always making attacks on the Mexicans where they least looked for it. That is why it was called the "Mosquito Division." He fought so well that the Georgia Legislature gave him a fine sword.

He was an officer in the United States navy when the Civil War began. He did not want to fight against the United States. He could not bear to fight against Georgia. It was almost the same as it had been with his grandfather in the Revolution. But Commodore Tattnall made up his mind, and fought with Georgia in the Confederacy. Then the United States took his property.

The Tattnalls have done a great deal for Georgia. We have a large, rich county named Tattnall.

ANOTHER GEORGIA KING

For hundreds of years, people clothed themselves mostly with cloth made of wool and linen. Linen is made from the bark of the flax plant. It makes a good strong cloth.

Nowadays most people wear cotton clothes. That is because cotton cloth is cheap and wears well. The Egyptians made a little cotton three thousand years ago. So did the people of India. The white people who first visited Mexico and South America found people there wearing cotton clothes. But it is only for a little more than one hundred years that the white people of America have used cotton much for clothes.

Philip Nutter lived at Chelsea in England. The next year after Savannah was settled, Nutter sent some cotton seeds to Georgia. They were planted, and the cotton grew well.

Later General Oglethorpe made a settlement on St. Simon's Island. He took a good many of his soldiers there. He gave each of them a small plot of

land to plant. They planted some cotton. It grew well. When it was ready, they gathered it from the burrs.

The soldiers' wives picked the lint from the seed with their fingers. They spun the cotton into thread on their spinning wheels. The thread was dyed by them, and then knit into stockings. This was the first cotton made into clothes in Georgia.

Other people began to plant cotton in Georgia. The Salzburgers were growing it five years after Georgia was first settled. The Salzburgers were Germans who settled at Ebenezer. About fifty years later, Thomas Jefferson said that almost all the people in Georgia wore cotton clothes. Mr. Leake of Savannah is said to have been the first man in our state to raise cotton to ship to other countries. Most people used all they raised at home.

When Josiah Tattnall was Governor, some sea-island cotton seeds were sent to him. He and some other men planted them and the cotton did well. The lint of this cotton is very long and fine, almost like silk. Now, thousands of bales of this cotton are grown in the southeastern part of our state every year. It is made into very fine cloth.

For many years, people picked the cotton from the

seed with their fingers. A man could pick the seed from about one pound of the lint in a day. They did this till Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. The women spun it into thread on their spinning wheels. Sometimes they wove the thread into cloth on hand looms. Sometimes they knit it into socks and stockings with their fingers. These were very hard, tire-some tasks.

At last, in 1809, a small cotton factory was built at Louisville in Jefferson County. Two years later, a larger factory was built at Bolton in Wilkes County. Then others were built. But most of the factories were built in the North. The Georgia people were too busy growing cotton to build many factories.

After Whitney invented the gin, people began to grow a great deal of cotton. They planted more of it than anything else. It made Georgia very rich. It soon came to be called "King Cotton."



ELI WHITNEY

THE MAN WHO MADE THE COTTON GIN

Eli Whitney did not live in Georgia when he was a boy. He lived in Massachusetts. But when he became a man, he lived for a time in our state. It was in Georgia that he made one of the greatest of all inventions.

Eli's father was a farmer. Eli worked on a farm. His father had a shop in which were a great many tools. In the shop, Eli's father made a number of things that were needed about the house and farm.

Eli liked to watch his father and older brother work in the shop. He soon learned to use the tools himself. He made some things to play with. It was not long before he liked the shop better than the field.

Eli used to wonder a great deal about his father's watch. He wanted to know what made it go. One Sunday his father went to church. He left his watch at home. Little Eli was alone. He thought, "Now is my time to find out all about that watch." So he got the queer thing down. He then opened the lid. He could not see as much of the works as he wanted

to see, so he kept on till he took it all apart. What do you think he would have done if his father had stepped into the room just then? But his father was still at church, for sermons were long in those times.

When Eli had looked at the wheels and springs as much as he wished, he put the watch all back together. He feared it would not run as well as it had before. He watched his father when he looked at his watch after he came from church. But it ran as well as before. His father never knew that his watch had been taken to pieces till Eli told him years later. Perhaps you had better not take your father's watch apart. You might not be able to put it together at all.

Eli's own mother was dead. His stepmother had a beautiful set of dinner knives. She was very proud of them. One day she was showing them to Eli and his sister. She said they were very fine knives and that they had been made in England. She said such knives could not be made in America.

Eli thought he could make some like them, and he told her so. She had no idea that he could make such knives. After a time, one of the knives was broken in some way. Eli took the pieces for a pattern. He went to the shop and began to work. He

soon made a knife so much like the others that it could not be told from them.

Young Whitney went to school when he could. But he was most happy when he was at work in the shop. At that time, it was hard to get nails. Eli made nails for his father. He made them so well that he soon found he could sell all he could make. Later, he turned his nail shop into a factory for making walking sticks and hat pins. He sold all he made. He was very careful with his work. He used often to say, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." He was a busy boy.

When he was nineteen years old, he thought he would go to Yale College. His father was not able to pay Eli's way in college. Eli had no money, but he had made up his mind to go; so he went to work getting ready. He must earn money to pay his way, and he must also learn more before he could enter a college. He worked on the farm and in the shop. He taught school. He did any task that would help get more money to pay his way in college. Whenever he found the least little bit of time, he would study his books.

It took him four years to get ready. But at last, when he was twenty-three, he went to Yale. He

studied hard, and soon found he would have a little time to work. So he borrowed tools from a carpenter. At first the carpenter was afraid to lend his tools to a young college student. He thought Eli would not know what to do with them. But he watched Eli at work. Then he said a fine mechanic had been spoiled by Eli's going to college.

He spent four years in Yale. He then wished to study law, so he came to Georgia to teach for more money that he might learn to be a lawyer.

In Georgia, he stayed for a time at the home of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene. She was the widow of General Greene. Mrs. Greene asked him to try to make a machine to separate the seed from the cotton. He set to work. He had a hard task to get tools and the right sort of material. But he made a machine that would do the work. It was called a *gin*. Eli Whitney got very little profit from making the gin, but he grew rich in after years from other inventions.

GOVERNOR EARLY

In 1812, the United States was again at war with England. It was called the War of 1812. Peter Early was the Governor of Georgia.

The United States needed more money to carry on the war. An officer of the United States Government asked Governor Early for a large sum of money from the state. The officer told Governor Early that the United States would be sure to pay the money back to Georgia. Early wanted to help in the war against England all he could. So he lent the money to the Government.

Afterwards some one told Early that the United States might be broken to pieces in the war, and then Georgia would lose the money. Governor Early listened, and then said that he hoped that the United States Government would never be broken up. He said if it should be, he had no wish that Georgia should fare better than the other states. He did not mean that he did not love Georgia. He meant that he loved the whole United States.

In this war, many of the Creek Indians fought for the English. Governor Early sent an army against these Indians. General John Floyd was in command of this army. He fought a battle with the Indians at Autossee and Tallassee. The chiefs of both these towns were killed.

A pipe that belonged to the chief of Tallassee was taken. It was a peace pipe. It was made of clay and had a long stem made from a cane. It had been smoked in making a treaty with the white people forty years before. One of the soldiers found the pipe. He brought it to General Floyd, who sent it to Governor Early. The Governor hung the old Indian pipe on the wall of his office. It hung there for many years.

Early County was named for Governor Early.

GENERAL JOHN FLOYD

The father of General Floyd was a soldier in the Revolution. He thought the colonies ought to be free. In the army, he wore on his hat a plate of silver in the shape of a new moon. On it were the words, "Liberty or Death."

This brave man lost all his property. He was then very poor. So he bound John to a carpenter for five years. John was to work with the carpenter and help him build houses. In this way, John was to learn to build houses himself. John learned so fast and pleased the carpenter so well that the carpenter wanted to free him at the end of four years. But John thought he ought to stay the full five years. So he worked on with the carpenter till the end of the time. He had grown now to be a man.

Then John Floyd made a home for himself in Camden County. At that time, there were no railroads. Boats and wagons were used to carry goods and travelers. There were not enough boats on the rivers, so Floyd thought he would build more boats.

He got plans for boat building from Charleston. He bought tools to work with. He then hired men to cut timber. Of this timber, he built boats. They were good ones. He made money from his boats and thus became a rich man.

He was a great Indian fighter. In the battle with the Indians at Autossee, he was shot in the knee. He would not leave the battle. He feared if he left his men that the battle would be lost.

A rich county bears the name of Floyd in honor of this General Floyd.

“WE MUST NOT GIVE UP THE GUN”

The Indians fought bravely in the battle of Autossee. For a time, the soldiers of General Floyd were hard pressed. It seemed that they would have to fall back before the Indians.

Ezekiel Attaway was one of General Floyd's soldiers. Ezekiel and twelve other men were loading and firing a cannon in the battle. They fought away bravely, and loaded and fired their cannon as fast as they could. But by and by some of the men were shot down. The Indian bullets were flying thick. At last all the men were killed except Ezekiel and two others. It began to look as though the Indians were going to take the gun. They had now come very near to it. They wanted to get it and fight the white soldiers with it.

But just then, Ezekiel seized a big hand stick. He was going to fight the Indians with it. He said to the other two men that he would fight the Indians with the stick as long as he could stand. “We must not give up the gun,” he said. “Seize anything you can

lay your hands upon and stay by your post until the last." They did as he said. On came the Indians. Then the three men knocked them right and left with their heavy sticks. At last the fierce red men were driven back, and the battle had been won by Ezekiel Attaway and General Floyd's other brave soldiers.

HOPE HULL

Hope Hull was a minister who preached in the eastern part of Georgia. He settled at Athens. He helped to found the State University. He took great interest in education. He was a good man. His sermons were so grand and noble that he was called "Broadaxe." A broadaxe has a wide, sharp blade. It is used for hewing large, heavy timber.

In the War of 1812, some soldiers were one night sitting around their camp fire. They were talking of their folks at home. The times were very hard. People could not always have enough to eat and wear. Some of these soldiers said they feared that their wives and children might not have enough food and clothes.

Then a soldier from Georgia said that he was not uneasy about his folks. "I know my children will not suffer for bread while Mr. Hope Hull lives," he said.

He knew this because Hull was in the habit of taking care of the soldiers' families. Every week he would load his wagon, and then drive over the settle-

ment. He would stop at the house of every soldier. There he would leave meat, meal, flour, or whatever other food might be needed. Hull was not in the army, but he was helping in the war. Do you not think that he was a good man?

The soldiers from his neighborhood knew that their families would not want for anything, so they could stay in the army and fight the better and braver.

COLONEL DANIEL APPLING

Daniel Appling was born in Columbia County. He went to school and studied Latin and Greek as well as other things. When he was eighteen years old, he went into the United States army. He was so good a soldier that he was soon made a captain.

When the War of 1812 began, he was sent to the State of New York to fight the British. In that state, he was once sent to carry some cannon to another place. He was carrying them on boats up a large creek. He did not have many men to help him.

A large party of British wanted to take the cannon away from Appling. They were following him in their boats. The British had about twice as many men as Appling had. They were coming close behind him. They were even gaining on him. They were sure that they would soon capture Appling, his guns, and all his men.

Appling found out that the British were gaining on him, but he did not mean to be taken. And so, before the British could come in sight of him, he

landed his own boats among the trees and thick bushes. He had his men hide themselves on the land. He told them not to fire till the British came very close. Then they all kept still, very still.

After a little time, the British came in sight. They were very gay, and they were laughing at how they were going to take the Americans prisoners. They did not know that the Americans were hidden and watching them at that very moment.

Then all at once, Boom! boom! boom! the Americans' guns rang out. And Zip! zip! zip! sang the bullets. Red-coated British soldiers fell right and left. Hardly any were left alive. Those who were not killed tried to get away, but the Americans got in their own boats, and soon took all the rest of them prisoners. They also took the British boats.

Soon after this, Appling was made a lieutenant-colonel. He fought well in several other battles, and it was not long before he was put in command of a regiment. This is a part of an army made up of about a thousand men.

Appling was a modest man. When he came home to Georgia, he was praised a great deal. He did not like this. He thought that he had only done what he

ought to do. But the Georgia people were very proud of him. The legislature voted him a fine sword, but he died before it reached him. Then the sword was sent to Governor Early. He hung it in his office with the Indian peace pipe.

The county seat of Columbia County is called Appling. There is also a large, rich county named in his honor.

THREE BRAVE SENTINELS

The University of Georgia is at Athens. Buildings for it were first put up over a hundred years ago. For a long time, Indians lived in the woods not far from it. Sometimes they would kill and rob the people near Athens.

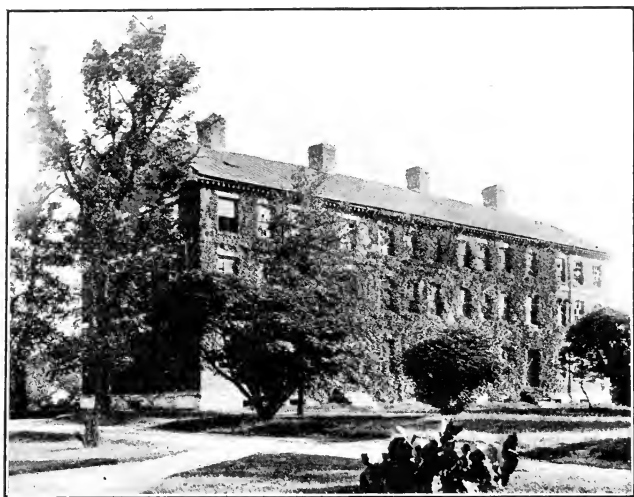
Once the Indians had been doing the white people a great deal of harm. Some one said that the Indians were on the way to Athens. Then all the people in the town and the country round about went to the University. They shut themselves up in one of the buildings. They made a fort of it. The men and boys got all the rifles and shotguns they could. One of the professors took command. They worked hard to get ready for a battle with the Indians.

The professor posted sentinels to watch. These sentinels were to fire their guns if they saw any Indians. Then they were all to run back to the fort, where they would close all the doors and fight the Indians. They meant to shoot the red men from the windows.

The sentinels watched two hours at a time. Then

they went back to the college, and others watched. In this way, they took turns resting. But as the Indians would not come on, the men and boys all soon grew very tired and sleepy.

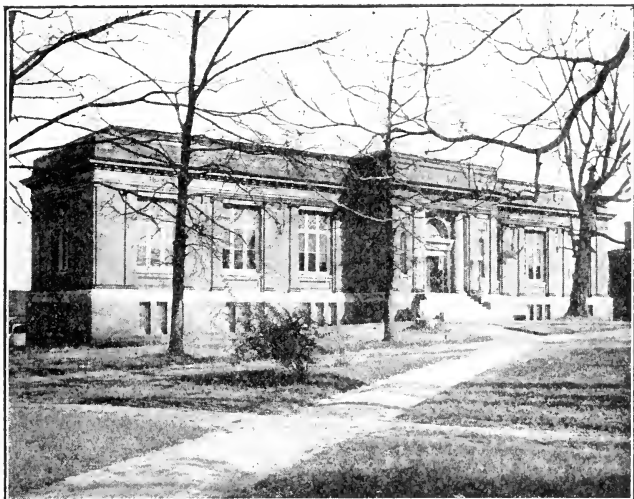
Augustus Hull was one of the boys. He and two other boys were put to watch for the Indians just be-



OLD COLLEGE, STATE UNIVERSITY (Oldest College on the Campus)

fore day came. They were placed near a coal-kiln that had a fire burning in it. The boys were very sleepy. They stood in their places for awhile. No Indians came. They thought they would sit by the fire and talk a little while. Still no Indians came. Soon they nodded.

The next they knew, one of the men was waking them. It was day. "You might as well go back to the college," he said. "There is no danger from the Indians. I think they are afraid to attack such brave soldiers as you are."



LIBRARY, STATE UNIVERSITY

Then the boys knew that they had been fast asleep. They were ashamed that they had slept when they should have watched. But when they got back to the University, they found that nearly every one else had been asleep, too. And that is how the Indian attack on the University ended.

HOW THE BRITISH BURNED CLARKE'S MILL.

In Charlton County there is a stream called Spanish Creek. It flows into the St. Mary's River. On this creek, about a mile from the river, there is an old dam. On the banks, among the bushes, may be seen some huge old mill stones. They are now black with moss and age.

At this place once stood Major Clarke's mill. It was a large one. People came there from miles around to have there corn and wheat ground.

In the War of 1812, some of the British landed on the Georgia coast. They camped not far from the mouth of the St. Mary's River. They soon came to hate Major Clarke very much.

At last they thought they would burn his mill. So they loaded twenty-three barges with soldiers. These were sent up the St. Mary's River. They were to go up the river until they were near the mill. Then they were to go across the woods and burn the mill.

Captain William Cone had command of twenty-eight Georgians. He heard that the British were coming up the river.

So he took his men and went to see if he could not stop them. The St. Mary's is very crooked, and palmetto covers its banks. Captain Cone hid his men in the palmetto. They lay very still and waited.

At last the British barges came in sight. They were covered with red-coated British soldiers. They had cannon on the barges.

Captain Cone and his men fired on them with their rifles. Redcoats fell right and left. Some rolled into the river. The British fired their cannon, but they did the Georgians no harm. Then Captain Cone and his men ran up the river to the next bend. There they waited till the British came in sight again around the bend below them. Then they fired again. The Georgians kept this up till they had killed one hundred and eighty of the British. As many more were wounded. Then the British turned and went back down the river to their camp.

It was thought that the mill would be now safe, but a negro was put to watch it. He was to run and tell if he saw an army coming. There were not enough white men to spare one to watch the mill.

The British seemed to think that a few men could burn the mill easier than a large number. So three British soldiers slipped to the mill and burned it.

The negro was afterward asked, "Who burned the mill?"

"I dunno," he replied.

"Well, whom did you see?" he was asked.

"I jes see three men what had on red coats. Dey come up dar an ax me to le' 'em look roun' de mill a li'l' bit. Den atter dey lef', de mill jus' took fire."

Nothing more was seen of the three men who wore the red coats. But it is certain the mill was burned, and has never been built again.



WILLIAM HARRIS CRAWFORD

THE MAN TO WHOM NAPOLEON BOWED

William H. Crawford was one of the greatest lawyers of Georgia. He was tall and strong, and his step was firm and springy. He was a grand, fine looking man.

President James Madison named Crawford as minister to France. A United States ship was made ready to carry Crawford to that country. The President gave the captain of the ship orders to take Crawford safely to France.

When all was ready they set sail. The ship was hardly at sea, when it was fired on by a British vessel. Crawford heard the guns booming. He came on deck as soon as the firing began. He wanted to see the battle. He hoped the captain would let him take part in it, too.

But the captain told him he must go to his cabin. The captain feared Crawford would be hurt, and thus he would not be obeying the President's orders. Crawford went to his cabin as he was told. But the firing kept up, and soon Crawford came on deck

again. A second time the captain told him to go to his cabin. Again he went. But the battle had grown lively, and it was not long before Crawford was on deck a third time. He shouted to the captain, "Give them a broadside! Give them a broadside!" He wanted the captain to fire at the British more times and faster. But the captain was thinking of the President's orders, so he told Crawford if he did not go to his cabin and stay there, he would lock him in. This kept Crawford off the deck.

When Crawford reached Paris, he was much admired for his fine form and noble bearing. As he walked the streets, everybody wondered if he were some grand duke or prince.

Napoleon Bonaparte was then the ruler of France. He was a great man himself, and he was not in the habit of showing much respect for other men. But when he first met Crawford, he was so struck with Crawford's grand looks, that he bowed to him twice before he knew he was doing so. Napoleon afterward said that Crawford was the only man he ever saw to whom he felt that he *must* bow.

Crawford served the United States well as minister to France. He was afterwards a candidate for

president of our country. It is said he would have been elected if he had not become very sick.

He was one of Georgia's noblest men. A county is named for him.

TWO MACON MEN

The Government had to build forts to keep the Indians away. One of the largest of these was Fort Hawkins. It was on the Ocmulgee River. A settlement grew up about this fort. Then the name of the place was changed to Macon.

Macon is now a beautiful city. It has many fine buildings. Its streets are wide and clean. There are many shade trees. Some of the streets have the names of trees. Thus there is Elm Street, another is Oak Street, and so on.

When Macon was first settled, a man lived there whose name was Simri Rose. He loved trees and vines and flowers. He liked to learn as much as he could about all kinds of plants. He was also an editor. He printed a newspaper in Macon.

He thought the new city should have plenty of shade. So he would tell the town officers that trees ought to be planted on the streets. In his paper, he would urge the people to plant trees for shade. He set out a great many elms and water oaks with his

own hand, and thus nearly all the streets came to be shaded by fine trees. Now, on summer days, the children can have a nice shade whenever they play. They should not forget their debts to Simri Rose.

General Lafayette was a noble Frenchman. He helped the Americans fight the British in the Revolution. Long afterward, he made a visit to Georgia. He went to Savannah and Milledgeville. He also visited Macon.

When he came to Macon, a loud signal gun told the people when he was near. Then they went to meet him. They took him to his hotel. There the ladies and gentlemen went to shake hands with the great noblemen. He made a speech in which he thanked the people for their kindness to him.

There was one very learned man who went to meet Lafayette. His name was Edward Dorr Tracy. Tracy knew Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian.

He talked to Lafayette in French and Spanish. Lafayette was surprised to find so learned a man in so small a city. He told Tracy he was surprised. But Tracy knew still more. He laughed and spoke to Lafayette in Indian. Then Lafayette said, "You are the first white American I have met who could speak the true red Indian." He meant that Tracy

was the first white man he had met who could speak any Indian language.

Lafayette could not stay long. He soon left to visit other states. When he left Macon the people went part of the way with him. The National salute was fired, and the great man was gone.

There is a large cemetery at Macon. It is on a large, high hill. It is called Rose Hill cemetery. Can you guess why?

MILLY

Duncan McKrimmon lived at Milledgeville. He went to help fight the Indians in the Seminole War. One day he and some friends went fishing. Indians crept upon them, and made McKrimmon a prisoner. They took him away to their prophet, whose name was Francis.

Francis had been made a general in the British army. He wore the bright red uniform of the British soldier, and he was very proud and boastful. He was glad to have this white prisoner from Georgia. He had been taught to hate the Georgia people.

The Indians held McKrimmon prisoner for weeks and weeks. At last one day they shaved his head. They took most of his clothes off, and tied him to a stake. Then the Indians danced about him for several hours. As they danced they howled and yelled horribly. They meant to burn him.

Milly was the Prophet's daughter. She was about fifteen years old. She now sat apart from the other Indians. She was sad and silent. She was sorry for the poor man who was to be burned.

After a long time, the red men had danced and yelled all they wanted to. Then they were ready to kill him, so a big Indian with a tomahawk stepped up to McKrimmon. He raised the tomahawk high above his head. He was just ready to dash out the white man's brains.

But before the tomahawk could fall, Milly ran and stood between them. The Indians would not strike her. She then told her father if he must have blood, to take hers. She said that she did not wish to live if the white man were killed.

The Prophet at last agreed not to kill McKrimmon, but he meant to kill both him and Milly later. Milly brought food and drink for McKrimmon, and was kind to him as long as he stayed among the Indians.

A few days later, Francis sold McKrimmon to the Spaniards at St. Marks in Florida. The Spaniards paid for him in rum. The Indians liked rum very much.

McKrimmon at last got back home. Afterwards the Georgia soldiers took Milly a prisoner. They were kind to her and soon sent her back to her people.

GOVERNOR TROUP

George Troup was raised on his father's plantation. The plantation was called Belleville, and it was in McIntosh County.

When George was a small boy, his father taught him. Then he had another teacher. This teacher lived in the house with the Troups, and he had no pupils but the Troup children.

George's father was rich, and George did not have to work, but he learned his lessons well. When he was tired of study, he would ride his horse or go fishing or hunting. He grew to be a large, stout boy.

When he was older, he was sent away to Flatbush. This was a small town on Long Island, which is a part of New York State. There was a good school in this town. George was sent to this school. At first the other boys tried to have fun with him. George would not say much, so the boys soon let him alone.

The men of Flatbush would meet on the streets and talk politics. Some of them thought John Adams ought to be President of the United States.

Others said that Thomas Jefferson should be President. And so these men would say a great deal about the government.

The boys of the town would sometimes listen to these talks. Young George Troup would listen by the hour. He liked nothing else so well. He wanted to take part, but it was not thought polite for young boys to talk when grown men were talking. George would almost forget himself sometimes. Then he would remember that he must be polite. He learned a great deal from these talks. He came to believe that Thomas Jefferson was the greatest man in the world.

When he was through this school, he came back to Savannah. There he studied law. Before he was twenty-one years old, the people wanted him to be a member of the Legislature. He was very proud of such an honor. As it is against the law for anyone to be in the Legislature before the age of twenty-one, he had to give it up, but a year later he went. He was soon one of the leaders in the Legislature. He also held many other high offices.

Troup dressed queerly. He liked to wear a blue coat with bright metal buttons on it. He would wear a yellow vest. He did not like a hat. He always

wore a fur cap. He was straight like an Indian. He had blue eyes and curly hair.

Troup was very brave and honest. Once he claimed a piece of land that lay next to his farm. His neighbor also claimed it. Both could not have it. The neighbor said, "Let us ask some other man to decide to which of us the land belongs." Troup said, "If the land is not mine, I will give it up, but I will not compromise." He meant that he did not want the land unless it were really his.

Troup did a great deal for the state. He was one of Georgia's best Governors and greatest men. Troup County bears his name.

JESSE MERCER AND HIS UNCLE JOHN

Jesse Mercer was a good boy, but he liked to hunt and fish. He also liked to swim, and he could swim well.

Jesse had an uncle whose name was John Mercer. John was seven years younger than Jesse. He could not swim.

One day they went to a lake. Jesse went into the water to swim. John did not go in at first, for he was afraid that he might be drowned. On the side where they came to the lake, the water was very deep. But there was a shallow, sandy place on the other side.

John watched Jesse for a while. Jesse would dive into the deep, black water, and then come to the top and swim about. He would float and turn somersaults. Altogether, he seemed to be having a good time.

At last John thought that he would like to go in the water himself. He wanted to go in on the other side, where the water was shallow. Jesse said he would carry John across. Then John, too, could go in bathing.

So Jesse took John on his back to swim across with him. He told John to hold to him. He also told him not to be afraid, and not to climb up too high on his back. John said he would do as he was told.

Then Jesse began to swim across. The water came up on John and he got scared. Besides, the water was cold. John thought that he was going to freeze or sink—maybe both—so he began to climb upon Jesse's back and head.

Jesse knew that would not do. He knew that both of them would be drowned, so he threw John off his back. John sank to the bottom like a big rock. Jesse swam out of his way, and watched for him to come to the top. Great bubbles of air kept coming up from the bottom. Jesse watched where the bubbles were on top of the water.

At last John rose to the top. Then Jesse quickly caught John by the hair. He swam to the shore with him. John was so glad to get out of the water alive that he did not care to go in again that day. He always said that Jesse had saved his life. No one knows whether John ever learned to swim or not.

Jesse did not have a good chance to get an education while he was a boy, but he read and studied at home every chance he had. He was so eager to

learn that he went to school after he was grown and married.

He became a minister. He also did all that he could to help the cause of education in Georgia. He did a great deal for Mercer University when it was first built. It is from him that the University takes its name.

*Unwed by the
Georgia Baptists*

A POLITE SOLDIER

Robert Bridges lived at Augusta. When the Mexican War began, he thought that he would go. He went to Macon, where he found a great many other Georgia soldiers. They were all going to fight the Mexicans. Robert soon knew a great many of these soldiers. He met one young man whose name was William King. Robert and William became good friends.

There were enough of these men to make a regiment. They went on trains to Mobile in Alabama. From there they were carried to Mexico on big ships.

It was July. The weather was hot. The soldiers hunted cool places to sleep. Robert slept on the wheel-house of the ship.

One night the wind blew hard. This made the ship roll and toss in the water. Robert slept on. The wind blew harder. The ship rolled and tossed more and more. Then Robert was rolled off the wheel-house and tossed into the waves.

He woke up very quickly. At first he sank, but soon came to the top. He shook the water from his

head and eyes. Then he could see the lights on the ship. It was going on and on. He was being left behind. He began to swim to keep from drowning. He thought a shark might bite his legs off. Where was he to swim to? There was no land near, but he kept on swimming. He could still see the lights on the ship, a long way off.

At last Robert saw that the ship had stopped. It turned around. He was glad. They had missed him and were coming back. Before long the ship was not far from him. He was almost tired out. He saw the men on the ship let the life boats down into the water. Then the men in the boats went all about to find him. He shouted to them as loud as he could.

Robert's friend, William, was on one of the boats. He heard the shout and knew it was Robert. Soon Robert was dragged into the boat. How glad he was!

Men and boats were all soon taken on the ship again. Then Robert went to the captain. He bowed very politely, and said, "Captain, I am sorry I fell into the water and delayed your ship, but I thank you for saving my life." We may guess he was more careful about sleeping on the wheel-house after that.

THE INDIAN WHO MADE SOME A, B, C'S

Many Cherokee Indians lived in Georgia. They had no books. They could not write their words. Sometimes they made a few picture signs, but it was hard for even the Indians to know what these meant.

One day some young Indians were speaking of the white men. One of them said that white men could do many things that the Indians could not. He said that they could put talk on paper. He said that the paper could be sent to any distance, and other white men would know what the paper said. All the Indians but one agreed that this was very wonderful.

One of the Indians was named Sequoia. His English name was George Guess. He said talk on paper was not so strange, after all. He said he could write talk himself.

Then he picked up a flat stone and began to make marks on it. In a little while, he read to them a sentence that he had made on the stone. The other Indians laughed. They thought it funny for an Indian to try to do so strange a thing.

After that, Sequoia kept thinking of talk on paper.

He did not know how to read at all, but he thought that Cherokee talk could be put on paper as well as English. He thought that if he would try he could do it himself. He wanted his people to have a way to write.

Sequoia tried to make some Cherokee A, B, C's. He worked many months at the task. All the time his friends laughed at him. They thought he had better hunt and fish, but he would not give up.

At first he tried to have a sign for each word. After a time, he knew that would not do. There would be so many signs that it would take too long to learn them all.

Then he began to listen to his people talk. In this way, he soon found out that all the Cherokee words were made up of about eighty sounds, so he made a sign for each sound. It was then easy to put them together to make whole words.

Sequoia had somewhere got an English spelling book. He did not know the names nor sounds of the English letters, but he used them in making his alphabet. Some of them he used as we do; some he turned bottom side upward; some he changed. He invented some of his letters himself.

He was very proud of his A, B, C's. He told his

friends that now the Cherokees could send talk like the white men. But still they laughed at him, and would not use his alphabet.

At last Sequoia went on a visit to Arkansas. He taught some Cherokees there to write with his alphabet. One of these Indians wrote a letter to a friend in Georgia.

Sequoia brought the letter. The Cherokee to whom it was sent could soon read it. The Indians then saw that their talk could be written, so they began to use Sequoia's alphabet. They use it yet. It is very easy to learn. Now the Cherokees print books and newspapers with these A, B, C's.

Do you think the Indians would have an alphabet if Sequoia had given up because they laughed? Do you not think it wonderful that an Indian should make so good an alphabet?

Sequoia liked to learn about flowers and all kinds of trees. He went to California. There he saw the big trees. These trees are now called Sequoia trees. That is because Sequoia wrote so good a description of them.

Tahlequah is the capital of the Indian Territory. The Indians have placed a fine marble bust of Sequoia in this city.

ONE OF ATLANTA'S BUILDERS

The state of Georgia once built a railroad. One end of it was near the Chattahoochee River. A town was built there. At first the town was called Terminus. This word means *the end*.

Wilson Lumpkin was a great, good man. He was one of the Governors of Georgia. He had a daughter whose name was Martha. The name of Terminus was changed. It was called Marthasville, in honor of Governor Lumpkin's daughter. Then after a time the place was called Atlanta.

When Atlanta was a new town, a great many men would go there to drink and gamble. These men did not fear the law, and would do almost as they pleased. They were bad men, and were no help to the town.

After a time a new mayor was to be elected. Jonathan Norcross was made mayor. He was a good man. He said the bad men would have to behave themselves better. But the bad men were not afraid, and were a little worse than before.

Then Mayor Norcross had one of the worst of them

arrested. This man was shut up in the jail. The jail was a small house, and was built of logs.

When night came, the friends of the man got a big pole. They went to the jail with it. They put it under the corner of the house, and they all pulled down on it. In this way the corner was raised, and the man came crawling out of jail. They now thought they had played a great joke on the mayor.

Then all the bad men began to behave worse than ever. They whooped and sang. They got a cannon and took it in front of the mayor's house. They fired it time and again. They said they would do as they pleased. But Mayor Norcross did not think that they would do as they pleased. He had some more of them arrested, and he tried them in his court. One of these was a big, ugly-looking man. Mayor Norcross said this man must go to jail. He told the marshal to take the man and lock him up.

Then the bad man drew a knife a foot long. It was bright and very sharp. He rushed at Norcross. The mayor quickly picked up his chair to knock the bad man down. But the sheriff caught the man and took him out.

It was dark outside. The man got away. He ran as fast as he could. The sheriff ran, too. He wanted

to catch him. The boys on the streets ran and whooped, and the dogs barked and chased, but the man got away. It was said that he was never seen in Atlanta again. Most of his friends left, too. A better jail was built, and while Norcross was mayor, no one dared to behave badly.

Atlanta is now the largest city in Georgia. There are many tall business houses and beautiful homes. There are fine churches and pretty parks. Norcross did much to make it so great a city. It became the capital of Georgia.

DORA

For a long time, Indians owned parts of Georgia. Often white men would go into the Indian country and settle. After a time, too many of them had settled on the Indians' lands. As the Indians did not like this, they complained to the Governor. Then the Governor sent soldiers to drive these white people away.

This story is from tradition. That means that long ago fathers told it to their sons. These sons later told it to their sons. And so it has been told on down to the present time.

One of the men who lived on the Indian lands had a little daughter. Her name was Dora. She was bright and sweet, and very kind. She knew a great many of the Indians and made friends of them. She would give them milk and anything that the Indians did not have. She often went to the wigwams and played with the little red children. When any of her Indian friends were sick, she would go to see them, and take care of them. She would carry them medicine and good food.

The Indians loved Dora. They would carry her deer and turkeys and fish. They made her a bead necklace, and a pair of beautiful soft moccasins for her feet.

Then the soldiers came to drive the white man out of the red man's country. The Indians would show the soldiers to the places where the white men lived, but they never led the soldiers to Dora's home. They always led them away from it. The soldiers did not find it, so the family lived on in the Indian country. Dora and her Indian friends were glad.

The place where she lived is not far from Atlanta. It is now called Doraville.

A FIERCE PANTHER

A long time ago, not many people lived in the southern part of Georgia. The few who did live there kept great herds of cows and sheep. They also raised large droves of hogs in the woods.

There was a man who lived near the Allapaha River. One day his two boys went to hunt some hogs near the river. Their dog left them and went off into the swamp. The boys walked along the edge of the swamp. The bushes and vines were too thick for them to go into it.

After a time they heard their dog barking as if he were scared almost to death. Then they saw the dog run out of the swamp. Close behind the dog came a large panther. It was trying to catch the dog.

The dog was not caught. When the panther saw the boys, it showed its glaring yellow eyes and its big white teeth. It leaped at the boys and seized the older one. It threw him on the ground and bit him again and again. Then the panther thought the boy was dead.

The other boy had run away as fast as he could. The panther now went to find him, but he was too late. The boy had got away. When the panther found that he could not catch this boy, he went back to the one he had bitten.

The older boy had come to his senses. He pretended to be dead. The panther looked at him and then smelled about him. It then put leaves and grass over him and went away.

Now, as soon as the panther left, the boy pushed the leaves and grass from over him. He looked about to see if the panther was near. He did not see it anywhere, so he ran and hid himself.

While this was going on, the younger boy ran and told the neighbors. They got their guns and a big dog and went back to kill the panther. When they came to where the panther had hidden the older boy, they found neither boy nor panther.

The men thought that maybe the panther had carried the boy away, so they set the dog out to hunt the panther. The dog found its track and followed it into the swamp. He soon came upon the panther and brought it to bay. The dog barked and the panther growled.

The men went into the swamp. They stopped

about thirty feet from the dog and the panther. They could see the beast, and it looked very fierce. The men were making plans to kill it.

But the panther did not wait for them to make their plans. Its own plans seemed to be already made. It leaped at a single bound among the men. It seized one of them and dashed him on the ground. One of the men shot the panther, but did not hurt it. Another man tried to shoot it, but his gun did not fire. This man then drew a big knife and cut its throat. In the meantime the panther had killed the dog. None of the men were much hurt.

They found the boy who had been hurt, and then went to take the skin off the panther. They carried it home with them. The boy soon got well. You may guess that these two boys did not want to meet another panther.

DR. CRAWFORD W. LONG

You know that men are often shot in battle so that their arms or legs have to be cut off. Many times, too, people have bad sores that have to be cut. It used to give great pain to have the flesh and bones of the body cut by knives and saws. Many people would die rather than have it done, but you shall now read the story of a man who found a way to cut the flesh without pain.

Crawford W. Long lived at Jefferson, in Jackson County. He was a doctor. He studied a great deal. He was always trying to learn some new thing.

At that time, the young people about Jefferson used to have parties. They would have fun by breathing a kind of gas. This gas would make them act very queerly. Some of them would laugh and others would cry. Some would dance and sing while others would preach. It made them do many other strange things. The young people liked these parties.

Sometimes they could not get this gas. Once they went to Dr. Long for some of it. He did not have any of the gas, but he told them that *ether* would do just as well. Ether is made from alcohol and sul-

phur. The young people tried it, and after that they began to have ether parties.

Dr. Long would sometimes go to these ether parties. He soon saw that if a person fell after taking ether, it did not give him pain. One young man hurt his foot so that he could not walk for over a week. He told Dr. Long that he felt no pain while the influence of the ether lasted.

Dr. Long then thought that a man's flesh might be cut without pain if he took ether. He tried it the first chance he had. Mr. James Venable had a large tumor on his neck. Dr. Long gave him ether, and then cut the tumor off. Mr. Venable did not feel any pain.

Then there was a negro who had a very sore toe. It would not get well. Dr. Long gave the negro ether and cut off the toe. It did not hurt the negro.

Dr. Long then knew that he had found a way to cut live flesh without pain. He was very glad he had found this out. He gave this knowledge freely to the world. Since that time, it has saved thousands of lives as well as a great deal of pain.

You see Dr. Long did a great good for the world. He is a Georgian of whom we should be proud. He has been honored by having his statue placed in the National Hall of Fame in Washington City.

THE LÉCONTES

Joseph LeConte's father lived in Liberty County. His plantation was called Woodmanston. There were large fields of rice, cotton, and corn. These fields were worked by Mr. LeConte's slaves. He had about two hundred negro slaves.

On this place many kinds of work were done. The rice had to be threshed and cleaned of the husks. The cotton had to be picked, ginned, and packed. The corn had to be shucked and shelled. Cloth was made on looms. Leather was made from cow hides. From this leather, shoes and harnesses were made. There were shops on the place. Here plows, wagons, hoe-handles, axe-handles, almost everything used on the farm, were made. It was a busy place. Most of the work was done by the slaves. But Joseph and his brothers did their share of it, too.

The LeConte boys made their own toys. They would make their marbles from clay. Then they would burn them till they were hard. The marbles were good ones. They also made bows and arrows with which they often hunted.

Then after a time, the boys wanted pistols. They

made molds from stiff paper. Into these molds they poured melted pewter. To make the barrels hollow, they would mold them about a little round rod of wood. Then the barrel was fixed to a handle. These pistols shot very well. One of the boys made a rifle in this way. It was a very pretty one, and it could kill a squirrel in the top of a high tree.

The boys hunted a great deal. Besides their bows and arrows, they had guns. They killed rabbits, squirrels, ducks, and many kinds of birds. They liked to fish, too. When Joseph was about ten years old, he and his two brothers made a big canoe. It was a "dugout." A "dugout" is a canoe that is made by cutting and burning out a single piece of a tree. The boys were happy in making their canoe.

After they had finished their canoe, they would spend whole days in paddling over the large swamp near Woodmanston. Sometimes they would put in a mast and sail the canoe. Then they would go sailing over the big rice fields. The rice fields were often covered with water two or three feet deep. Sometimes the canoe would turn over, and "splash!" into the water the boys would go. But it did not hurt them. They were strong, and it did not make them sick to get wet. They all learned to be good swimmers.

There were many alligators in the water on the plantation. Alligators live in holes or caves on the edge of the water. The LeConte boys knew where a very large one had its cave. The water once got so low that they could see his hole.

The boys and some of the negroes made up their minds that they would catch this old fellow. They got a long pole and fixed a large iron hook in one end of it. They thrust this into the alligator's cave and the hook caught in his tough hide. He did not like that and hung back as hard as he could. It took twenty-five men to pull him out. At last, when he was brought out, he was very angry. He snapped his great jaws, with their big white teeth, in a very ugly way. He was soon killed. After that the boys liked to swim at that place.

The slaves lived in small houses. The "white folks' house" at Woodmanston was a large one. It was two stories high.

In a closet upstairs were a great many guns. There were rifles and shot guns, single-barrelled guns, and double-barrelled guns.

There were big guns, little guns, long guns, short guns—all sorts of guns. At last an old negro named Sampson told them why they were there.

SAMPSON'S STORY

Sampson said that right after the Revolution, Woodmanston had been owned by Joseph's grandfather. At that time, Indians had lived just beyond the Altamaha River, which flowed past Woodmanston. The Indians would sometimes come over into Liberty County. They would take all the rice, corn, meat, and horses they wanted. They would kill anyone who tried to keep them from taking these things. After they had taken what they wanted they would go back across the Altamaha into their own country.

Sampson said that the boys' grandfather had built a small fort to protect his family and slaves from the Indians. The guns the boys had seen in the closet had been put into the fort to fight the Indians with. The boys' grandfather had said to his slaves, "If the Indians ever come, you must run to the fort as quickly as you can."

One day about noon, the negroes came running to the fort. They were badly scared. The Indians

were close behind them. Most of the negroes got inside the fort. All the LeContes, too, quickly went into it.

But one big negro man was caught by two Indians near the gate. They began to struggle. The negro was trying to get away. All three fell to the ground together.

The boys' grandfather wanted to save the negro's life, so he fired a load of buckshot into the mass on the ground. The two Indians were killed. The negro was struck, but not much hurt. He sprang up and ran into the fort.

There were a great many of the Indians. They were soon all around the fort. The battle lasted two or three hours. Sampson said that the boys' grandfather and some of the bravest negroes stood at the loopholes and fired at the Indians. Then they would hand the guns back to others to be loaded. In this way they could fire quick and fast.

At last, the chief wanted all the Indians to rush on the fort at one time. They hoped in this way to take it. But when the chief came from behind the tree where he hid, the boys' grandfather fired at him and broke his leg. The Indians at once took him away. They took horses from the stables and

tied the chief fast on one of them. All the Indians then left. They ran away to their own country as fast as they could.

And this is the story Sampson told the LeConte boys of the guns in the closet upstairs.

THE BOY WHO BECAME A GEOLOGIST

The LeConte boys' father was a very wise man. He was well educated. Upstairs in his house, he fitted up a room for himself. There he would work and study chemistry. Sometimes he would take the boys into the room and let them watch him at work. They liked this, and they came to like chemistry, too. They wanted to know more of it.

These boys also liked to find birds, flowers, plants, and shells. These they would take to their father to learn their names, and to find out all they could about them. He could always tell them something about these things.

Later, Joseph and John went to college. After they were men, John became president of the University of California. Joseph was a professor in the same university.

Joseph was a great geologist. A geologist is one who learns all he can about the way the earth has been made and changed. Professor Joseph LeConte wrote some great books. He was a Georgian of whom we may well be proud.

A BOY WHO WENT TO AN OLD FIELD SCHOOL

Richard Malcolm Johnson could read when he was a very little boy. After he was a man, he said that he could not remember when he learned to read. He could read almost as soon as he could walk. His father was very proud of him.

Once there was company in the house. Richard was playing about the room where they all were. A man who was present said something to Richard. This made Richard's father tell the man that Richard could read. The man then wanted to hear so little a boy read. So Mr. Johnson took Richard upon his knee. He gave Richard a book and told him to read.

Richard tried, but he was so excited that he could not read a word. He tried and tried, and at last gave it up. His father felt very much ashamed of him. He put him on the floor and sent him to play.

A year or two later, time came for Richard to go to school. His mother put his dinner in a little bucket. He took it and his book and went with some other children. They had a good long walk to the school.

They went through the woods and fields. On the way they saw a squirrel. A rabbit ran across the road. The children ran after it and tried to catch it, but the rabbit outran them. Birds sang in the trees, bees hummed here and there, and flowers bloomed all along the way.

Then they came to the school-house. It was a small log-house on the edge of an old field. An old field is a field no longer tended. It is nearly always grown up in old field pines, broomsedge, and weeds. In those times the school-house was nearly always built in an old field. There was a cleared place for the school. Such a school was called an "old field school."

When the children came in sight, they saw other boys and girls who had come to the school. They were shouting and playing. Richard put up his book, and hung his bucket on a peg in the house. Then he was soon playing with the other children, and having a good time.

Before long, a big, grand-looking man came up. The shouting and noise of the children stopped. The man went into the house and put up his hat and book. He was the teacher. He then came to the door, and called out, "Books, books!" The chil-

dren all ran into the house. They were soon busy with their lessons.

The teacher soon called Richard up to him, and asked his name and age. He then gave Richard his lesson, and sent him to his seat to learn it.

When Richard's time came, he "said" his lesson. Then came recess and all the children went to play. They played "Prisoner's Base" and "Old Blue Bear" and "Hand-cat." The recess lasted about fifteen minutes, and then the teacher called "Books!" again.

At noon the children had an hour. They took their buckets and went out and ate their dinner. Then more play. They also had a recess in the afternoon. At last, when the sun was about down, school was dismissed. Then all the boys and girls went home. Thus ended Richard's first day at school.

Richard went to this teacher for some time. The teacher kept a large yellow book. He would draw pictures in it. One day he was busy drawing a picture in the book. Richard wanted to ask a question. He put his finger on the word in his book. Then he went walking up to the teacher. Richard was thinking of his question. He did not look where

he was going, so he ran against the teacher's arm. This made the teacher spoil his picture. Richard was badly scared. The teacher scolded him and sent him back to his seat. He did not get his question answered. You may be sure he was more careful next time.

The pupils begged their teacher to give them a holiday. He would not. They asked him again for a holiday. He still said "No." At last all the pupils caught him. He kicked and squirmed and tried to get away. But the big boys and girls held him fast. They took him down to the spring. He still would not give them a holiday. So then they ducked him in the cold spring water. Then he gave them a holiday.

The next year there was a new teacher in the school. He was a very cruel man. Richard went to school again. One day he and another little boy missed their lessons. The teacher called them to him. The boys were scared.

The teacher made Richard take the other boy on his back. It was as if Richard were a horse and the other boy the rider. The teacher then took a long, tough switch in his hand. He struck the other boy. He made Richard run and caper as if he were a horse.

Richard neighed and kicked. All the time the teacher was whipping the boy who was on Richard's back. Then the teacher made them change places, and Richard got the whipping and the other boy was the horse. This was hard on the boys. It made the other children laugh. It also made them learn their lessons. These two were not the only boys who played "horse" in school.

Another day, several boys and girls missed their lessons. The teacher made them all take off their shoes and stockings. He then made them stand in a ring, one behind another. At the word, they all began to run. The teacher stood near with a switch. He would strike them on their bare legs as they ran past him. Around and around they ran and he whipped and whipped. This was called the "circus." In this school there was a circus nearly every day. Would you like to be in such a circus?

In the "old field school" there was a new teacher nearly every year. One of Richard's teachers was a very stern man. Richard was afraid to miss a lesson. He would sometimes pray before he went to recite. He would pray that he might know his lessons, and not get a whipping.

Richard had one good teacher at this school. This

teacher could have the pupils learn their lessons without whipping them much. He would keep a list of each pupil's lessons. If a lesson were missed, he would mark it down "imperfect." At the close of the school, he would read out the pupils' names, and the number of imperfect lessons. Richard was very proud, for on the last day of school the teacher read, "Richard Johnson, imperfects, none."

When he was a man, he taught school himself for several years. He was chosen to be president of Mercer University when he was only thirty-five years old, but he would not accept the place. He set up a school of his own in Baltimore.

Later he became a great writer. Most of his books are about Georgia people. You would enjoy reading them.

THE MAN WHO MADE A SEWING MACHINE

People used to do all their sewing with their fingers. There were no sewing machines. It was hard work to make clothes. It took almost a day to do the work that can now be done in an hour.

Francis R. Goulding was a minister. He was also a doctor. He lived for a time at Eatonton. His wife was not strong, and they had a large family of boys and girls. Mrs. Goulding was not well enough to sit up and sew with her fingers to make clothes for the children. But they must have them, so she did her best to make enough to keep them all warm.

Dr. Goulding saw that she was having a hard time. He was sad because she was sick and had to work so hard. He set to work to see if he could not help her. As he could not sew very well himself, he could not help her very much that way. He thought that some kind of a machine could be made that would run the needle. He began to try to make such a machine.

At last he found the right idea. Then he soon made a machine that would sew for his wife. She was glad, because she could now make enough clothes

for all the children. She was the first woman to sew on a machine.

Dr. Goulding was the first man to make a sewing machine. He made his machine a whole year before anyone else made one. But he did not try to keep others from making and selling sewing machines. He took out no patent on it. He was glad enough that he had made it. He was more glad that his sick wife did not have to sew any more with her fingers.

Dr. Goulding wrote some good books. One of them is a story. It is called "The Young Marooners." He took three years to write it. He would write a part of the book. Then he would read it to his children. They liked his story, and he put many things into it to please them. So you see that his children really helped him to write it.

"The Young Marooners" is a story of some boys and a girl who were dragged away in a boat by a large sea fish. They were carried far away before the fish let their boat loose. Then the children landed on an island near the coast of Florida. There were Indians and many wild animals there. They stayed here a long time before their father found them. The children had a great many exciting adventures on the island. You must read the book some time.

A FIGHT WITH A BEAR

In the mountains of North Georgia is a beautiful waterfall. It is called Tallulah Falls. The water tumbles from the top of a high ledge of rock, and dashes in foamy spray at its foot. Many people go there to see the falls.

Near this place, there once lived a man whose name was Adam Vandever. He liked to hunt so well that people called him "the hunter of Tallulah." He roved far and wide over the mountains and valleys. He shot squirrels, turkeys, deer, and sometimes bears.

When he was an old man, he liked to tell stories of his hunts. He told this story to a man who went to see the falls.

Once when he was hunting, he used all his powder and shot. Then he started home. He had not gone far when he heard his dogs begin to bark. The barking grew louder, and he heard one of his dogs howl. He thought something had hurt the dog, so he ran as fast as he could toward the dogs. He soon came in sight of them. He saw a large bear

standing up like a man. The bear had one of his best dogs between his fore legs, and was about to squeeze him to death. This dog was howling. The other dogs were keeping out of reach and barking.

Vandever loved his dogs, and did not want the bear to kill this one. But he could not shoot, so he drew a big knife and ran up. The bear saw him and turned the dog loose. Vandever tried to cut the bear with the big knife. As the bear did not want any holes in his hide, he tried to keep the man away. He knocked and clawed as hard as he could. He scratched nearly all the clothes off of Vandever. He struck so hard and fast that he almost knocked Vandever down. Vandever got mad. Then he made a great lunge at the bear with the knife, but the bear was ready. He struck back, so that Vandever cut off two of his own fingers. Then Vandever fought harder than ever. He soon cut the bear so that he died.

He took the bear's hide home with him. He went back and got some of his meat. He had bear meat for a long time.

SIDNEY LANIER AND HIS FLUTE

Sidney and Clifford Lanier were two brothers. The family lived in Bibb County. The two boys liked to ramble in the woods and fields. Together they would hunt birds and squirrels. They often hunted flowers, berries, nuts, and grapes. They liked to sit on the banks of the river and fish. They would spend hours at a time fishing.

Sidney liked music. He made his first music with "bones." He would keep time with them as negroes do in dance tunes. Then his mother helped him to learn to play on the piano. He could soon play well on the piano, the banjo, and the violin. He could play even before he could write.

He made his playmates into a minstrel band. One boy had a fife. Another had a tin pan for a drum. A third had bones, and so on. Sidney himself was the leader of the band. Can you guess what great music they made?

When Sidney was about nine years old, he went to his stocking one Christmas morning to see what Santa

Claus had brought for him. He found apples, candies, and toys. But best of all to Sidney, was a pretty little yellow flute. He began to play on his flute at once. All the other gifts of Santa were forgotten. He easily learned to play the flute and always dearly loved it.

Sidney liked to hear stories told. He liked best stories of olden times, when brave knights fought fierce battles with their swords and spears.

His parents wanted him to learn to read the stories for himself. He was then seven years old. He would have to learn the A, B, C's first. They looked like queer marks to him. He tried and tried, but he could not learn them easily. Then he was given a whipping. After a time, he learned the letters. Then he learned to read.

He now read a great deal. More than ever, he liked the stories of heroes and knightly deeds. He liked to read the books that would make him better. He wanted to learn from them to be "fair in trade, loyal in love, generous to the poor, tender in the household, prudent in living, simple in behavior, and honest in all things."

Sidney made his playmates into a military company. They had bows and arrows. Sidney was

their captain, and he had a wooden sword. They carried on great wars and fought battles fiercely. Fields were lost and victories won, but if any blood was shed, no one ever heard tell of it.

When he was older, Sidney went through college. Then he was a soldier in the Civil War. After that he taught school. But he always kept his flute with him. He now had a large fine one. In the war, he was once taken prisoner. He hid his flute in his sleeve. In this way he took it into the prison with him. It was good company for Lanier.

Sidney Lanier became a poet. He is the South's greatest poet. You must read some time his "Song of the Chattahoochee" and "The Marshes of Glynn."

A BOY WHO LOVED HIS MOTHER

Abram Ryan was a very serious, thoughtful boy. He loved his mother very much. She was a good woman. She took a great deal of pains to teach little Abram. She often talked to him of God, and then she would pray for him. She died while he was a young man.

After he was a man, he wrote many beautiful poems. One of them was about his mother's prayers. He said in this poem:

“I felt
That when I knelt
To listen to my mother's prayer,
God was with my mother there.”

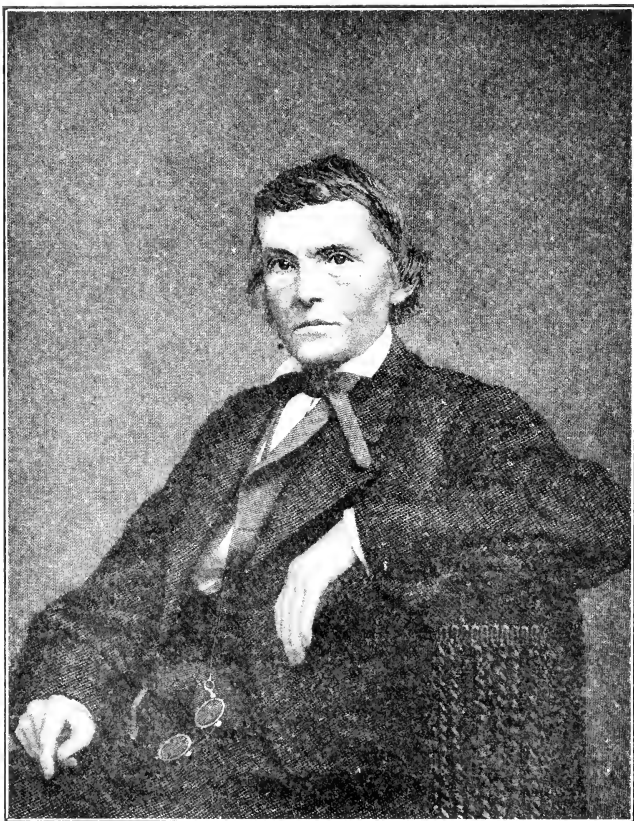
Ryan made his poems into a book. In it he said he would place his poems on her grave as a “garland of affection.” In this way he would show how much he loved her.

He became a priest in the Catholic Church. Then he was “Father Ryan.” He was a strong, brave

man. When the Civil War came, he joined the Confederate Army as a chaplain. A chaplain preaches to the soldiers and prays for them. The soldiers loved Father Ryan very much.

Once smallpox broke out in a great prison. All the chaplains ran away and left the poor prisoners. One of the prisoners who was about to die begged for a priest. No one could be found to go to the sick man. They were all afraid they too would take smallpox and perhaps die. But when Father Ryan heard of the dying man, he said that he would go. He went and stayed with the poor sick man for many weeks.

We should be proud that he lived in Georgia, he was so good a man as well as a great one. He was a true Southerner. One of his best poems is called "The Sword of Lee." He thought General Robert E. Lee a very great man.



ALEXANDER STEPHENS

LITTLE ALECK

Alexander Stephens was one of Georgia's greatest men, but his body was small. He never weighed much more than ninety pounds. So you see he was about the size of a twelve-year-old boy. He was often called "Little Aleck." He was sick nearly all his life.

After he was a man and in Congress, he once went to a hotel with two other men. As he was weak and tired, he sat on a lounge in the hall. The other two men were still standing when the landlady came in. She thought Stephens was a country boy. She thought Stephens was not polite enough to offer his seat to the grown man. So she said, "My son, get up and let these gentlemen have this seat." The two men laughed. So did Stephens. The lady felt very bad when she found out who the "boy" was.

His mother died when he was very young. His father brought home another for him, but he missed the love and care of his own mother. Then his father died when Aleck was about fourteen years old.

After that he went to live with his uncle. He helped his uncle with the farm work. He also went to school and learned all he could.

Later he went to college. He had a hard time to get his education. Some kind people helped him. He paid them back as soon as he was able. He did not forget the hard times he had, so, after he had money enough, he helped thirty-six young men through college.

Stephens became a lawyer. You might like to hear the story of his first case in court. It was twenty miles to where court was to be held. He did not own a horse, nor did he have money to hire one. He knew that he was too weak to walk so far. But he wished to look as well as he could before the Judge and the other lawyers in court.

The weather was hot, but as it was cooler at night he took a bundle of clean clothes, and set out just as night came on. He walked along as fast as he could. When he was tired, he sat on a rock or a stump by the road and rested. In this way, he walked ten miles to his uncle's. This uncle was glad to lend the young lawyer a horse to ride the rest of the way. The next morning Aleck got on the horse and rode on to the court.

Just before he reached the place where court was to be held, he rode into the woods. He got down from his horse. He took off his soiled clothes. Then he put on his clean ones, and fixed himself to look as well as he could. He looked so neat and pleaded so well, he easily won his case.

Alexander Stephens became a great lawyer. He was made Vice-President of the Confederate States. He was also one of the Governors of Georgia. A county is named in his honor.

LITTLE ALECK'S DOGS

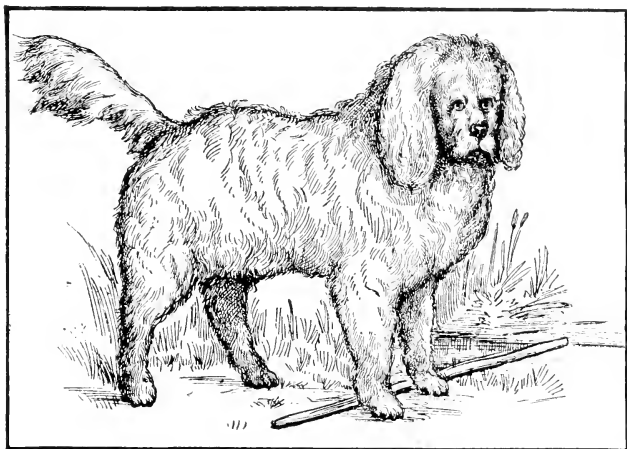
Stephens bought a fine home for himself. It was called Liberty Hall. It was at Crawfordsville in Taliaferro County. It was a pleasant home, and many people would make visits there. All were welcome.

There were no boys and girls to laugh and romp at Liberty Hall, but Stephens loved dogs. He had a huge brown mastiff named Troup. Then there was the little black terrier, Frank, who was always ready to snap and snarl. Sir Bingo Bincks was a third dog, just a yellow pup. Stephens loved best of all Rio, a poodle. This dog slept in the room with his master.

Sometimes Stephens was so ill he had to lie in bed for weeks. Then Rio would stay with him all the time. The dog seemed to want to take care of his master. But most of the time Stephens was strong enough to rise in the morning and stir about. Then the first thing, after they got up, was a merry romp for the two. Stephens would pull Rio's ears and pinch him. Rio would get away. Stephens would try to catch him. Of course he could not, for Rio could

outrun him. Then Rio would bark and snarl and make out he was trying to catch his master. In this way they would play till the master was tired.

Rio nearly always went with his master on his trips. But sometimes he was left at home. Then he would



RIO

meet every train to see if Stephens was on it. Rio would get on the train and go all through it looking for his master. It was easy to tell when Stephens *did* come home, Rio would bark and caper so.

Rio was a useful dog. He would close a door when told to do so. His master often sent him to bring his hat and cane. When at last Rio died, Stephens had him buried in a neat little grave near the house.



MONUMENT TO BEN HILL IN STATE CAPITOL

A BOY WHO LED HIS CLASS

Benjamin Hill lived in Troup County. His father was a farmer. Ben worked in the fields and grew up large and strong. He went to school whenever he had the chance.

Ben's father did not think it would be best for Ben to go to college. Ben's older brother had gone to college and afterwards went to Texas to fight Indians. His father thought there was no use to go to college to learn to fight Indians, so he did not wish to spend money to send Ben also to a college.

But Ben wanted a college education very much. He did not have any money of his own. His mother said that she would give him all she could make on her patch of cotton. One of his aunts said she would give as much more. Then, at last, his father said he would give the rest for his expenses in college.

Ben promised not to spend more than three hundred dollars a year. He also promised his mother that he would take the first honor in his class. That meant that he would get better lessons than any other

boy in the class. His mother wanted him to go more than anyone else. So he began to get ready for college.

He went to the State University at Athens. When he reached Athens, he found many other boys and young men already there. Ben wore a homemade suit of gray jeans. His coat was too long. He had on a pair of coarse shoes that had been made at home. His trousers fitted too tightly, and just reached the tops of his shoes. He was very tall. His face was pale. He looked very funny as he stalked about in these queer clothes. It is said that he was the most awkward boy that entered the University that year. No one would have thought that Ben would be the one of all those boys to lead the class.

But as he had promised his mother to do that very thing, he went to work and did it. No boy had such good lessons as he. Soon he was also one of the best speakers in the University, and a leader among the students.

When he had finished at college, he became a lawyer. Later he held many offices of trust for the people of Georgia. The Legislature has named a rich county in his honor.

A man once became angry with Hill. He asked

Hill to fight a duel with him. In a duel two men try to kill each other. At that time, this was the common way for men to settle their quarrels. A man who would not fight a duel was thought to be a coward.

Ben Hill thought that he ought not to fight in this way, so he wrote to the man and said, "I have no ill-will towards you and could not shoot at you. If I should shoot at you and kill you, my peace of mind would be lost, and I could not be happy when I thought of it."

The people loved Hill. They did not think that he was a coward. They were glad that he would not fight a duel. This act of Hill helped to put an end to duels in Georgia.

Ben Hill loved his state and his country. All Georgians are proud of him. There is a fine monument to him in the Capitol in Atlanta. On one side of the monument may be read some of his own words. Here they are: "Who saves his country saves himself, saves all things, and all things saved do bless him. Who lets his country die, lets all things die, dies himself ignobly, and all things dying curse him."

THE BOY WHO PLOWED OXEN

Dahlonge is a town in Lumpkin County. The Indians named it a long time ago. Dahlonge, in their language, means *yellow money*. The place was so named because gold was found there.

There are gold mines at Dahlonge and there used to be a mint. A mint is a place where gold, silver, or other metals are made into money. So a good many people lived at Dahlonge, to work the mines and the mint.

A tall, slender boy used to come driving into Dahlonge. His name was Joseph Brown. He drove two oxen named Buck and Tom. They were hitched to a little cart. Joseph was bringing wood, butter, and vegetables to sell to the people in the town. After he sold them, he would buy a few things his father and mother and the children needed. He would then drive Buck and Tom back, far over the mountains, to his home.

Joseph would plow the oxen to make the crop. He worked hard to help make a living for the family. There was little time for him to go to school.

At last when Joseph was twenty years old, his father gave him the two oxen. His father said, "You may now go and get an education."

Joseph was very glad. He took the two oxen and went away.

He went to a school in South Carolina. He was sorry to part with Buck and Tom, for they were old friends, but he gave them to pay for his board for eight months. He went in debt for his schooling. Then he studied hard for the eight months. At the end of that time, he began to teach school himself. In this way, he paid his debt. He then went to school the next year. Then he taught again. He would study law at night and on Saturdays. And thus he paid his way, and learned all he could.

He later went to Yale University. He worked so hard that he had the best lessons in his class. He also had time to hear other lectures. He was studying law. When he was through Yale, he became a lawyer. He bought a farm, and then he was a farmer too.

It is said that Brown was one day in his field tying wheat. A message came to him that he had been made a candidate for Governor. He was elected. He was Governor during the Civil War, and he has been called the "War Governor."

Did you ever think of salt being valuable? Nowadays, we can buy a pound of salt for five cents. While the war was going on, a pound of salt would sometimes cost almost a pound of money. There was not much to be had at any price.

Some men bought nearly all the salt in Georgia. They thought the people would have to buy salt from them. They were going to sell it for a big price. In this way, they were going to make a great deal of money for themselves.

But Governor Brown found out their plans. He knew that he had been made Governor to take care of the people. He knew it would be wrong to let these men sell salt to the people at such high prices, so he had officers to seize all the salt that could be found. He also said that no salt must be shipped out of the state. He then sold salt to the people at prices they could pay.

He did so much for the people of the state that it would take a big book to tell all. Brown was one of Georgia's best and noblest men.

A MAN WHO ILLUSTRATED GEORGIA

You must know that our country is made up of many states. Georgia is one of them. For many years the states lived in the Union in peace. It was almost like sisters in a great family.

Then the states of the North and the states of the South had a quarrel. The states of the South separated from the others, and made a government for themselves. It was called the Confederate States. So Georgia was one of the Confederate States.

The people of the South called the people of the North Federals or "Yankees." The people of the North called the people of the South Confederates or "Rebels." Thus the Georgia people were Confederates or Rebels.

Then the two governments went into a long, bitter war. It was called the Civil War. It lasted four years. Twenty thousand men went to this war from Georgia. That was more than went from any other southern state.

Francis Bartow lived at Savannah. He was one of the brave men who went to the war from Georgia.

He was given the command of a brigade. A brigade is made up of two or more regiments. When Bartow was ready to set out to the war, he said, "I go to illustrate Georgia." He soon led his brigade to Virginia. That is where the most of the fighting was.

Bartow and his men were in almost the first battle of the war. In a great charge, the flag bearer was shot. He was badly hurt and he was about to drop the flag to the ground. Bartow quickly took it from him and led the men to the charge.

He was soon in the thickest of the fight. A bullet killed his horse. Soon a great cannon ball came roaring and tearing along. It struck Bartow and mangled his foot and leg. He fell from his horse. He could go no further, but he did not give up. He leaned against a fence that was there. He could not stand alone. He waved his sword and urged his men to battle. He knew that he was badly hurt and that he must die. Then again he waved his sword and shouted to his men, "Boys they have killed me. But you must never give it up. Forward!" His men did not give up. They fought bravely, and the battle was won.

Thus Bartow died, and thus did he illustrate Georgia to the end. Bartow County is named in his honor.

A GEORGIA GUN MAKER

Soon after the Civil War began, it was found that the South was not ready for war. The men were ready to fight, but they could get not nearly enough guns. Governor Brown could get not even shotguns enough for his Georgia soldiers. He wanted muskets and rifles for them.

As Governor Brown could not get guns enough, he thought he would arm his men with pikes. A pike is a long stout pole with a sharp steel point. The Governor had a great many of these pikes made and gave them to his soldiers. He made them a speech. He said, "If the Yankees come at you, jab 'em." But the pikes were never used in battle.

Then the Governor thought he would have guns made for his soldiers. So he got a Mr. Peck in Atlanta to try to make some guns. Mr. Peck had hard work to make them. He had only such tools as are used for wood work, but after a time, he made about twenty-five guns.

The barrels of these guns were not quite three feet long. They shot bullets one inch thick and over two

inches long. The guns were very heavy. A man could not easily hold one out and shoot it. He had to have a forked pole to rest the gun on when he went to shoot it. The guns were almost like small cannon.

After the guns were made, Mr. Peck loaded some of them. He then shot them to see if they were good guns. They shot well. But they kicked very hard. They would almost break the shoulder of the man who shot them. Some one said they liked the North as well as they did the South, for "every time they shot a Yankee, they kicked a Rebel down."

These big guns were not used in the war. They fell into the hands of the United States soldiers. Some of them may still be seen in Washington City.

Soon a great many rifles and muskets were taken in battle. With these the soldiers of the South were armed.

LEE'S OLD WAR HORSE

When James Longstreet was young, he went to West Point to learn to be a soldier. He did not like to study his books. He liked to be doing something else. He did not stand very high in his class. At West Point many subjects were taught that he did not want to study. He could not see what use a soldier would have for some of them. He would study only the parts of the book that he liked.

When he was in physics, he would not try to learn about the pulley. He skipped it. At last the time came for an examination. Longstreet did not think that he would have to answer any questions about the pulley. But almost all the questions were about the pulley. As young Longstreet had not studied that part of the book, he failed in his examination.

Then the teacher gave him another chance to stand the examination. He began to study. He wanted to be sure that he would pass this time. He would study the pulley day and night. He kept on studying it almost all the time. Longstreet learned all he could about the pulley.

When the second examination came, not a single question was about the pulley. So Longstreet failed again. But after a time there was another examination. The questions this time were all about the pulley. Longstreet was very glad. He passed easily. He never forgot what he had learned about that part of physics.

In the Civil War he was a Confederate. He became a great general. Under General Robert E. Lee, he fought so well that he was called "Lee's Old War Horse." Once Longstreet was sent away from General Lee to fight in another place. General Lee missed him very much. He wrote to Longstreet, "I want you badly. You cannot get back to me too soon."

After the war, Longstreet became a merchant: General Lee wrote to him again. He wrote this: "If you become as good a merchant as you were a soldier, I shall be content. No one will then excel you."

Longstreet became a very good merchant, but he was one of Georgia's very greatest soldiers and generals.

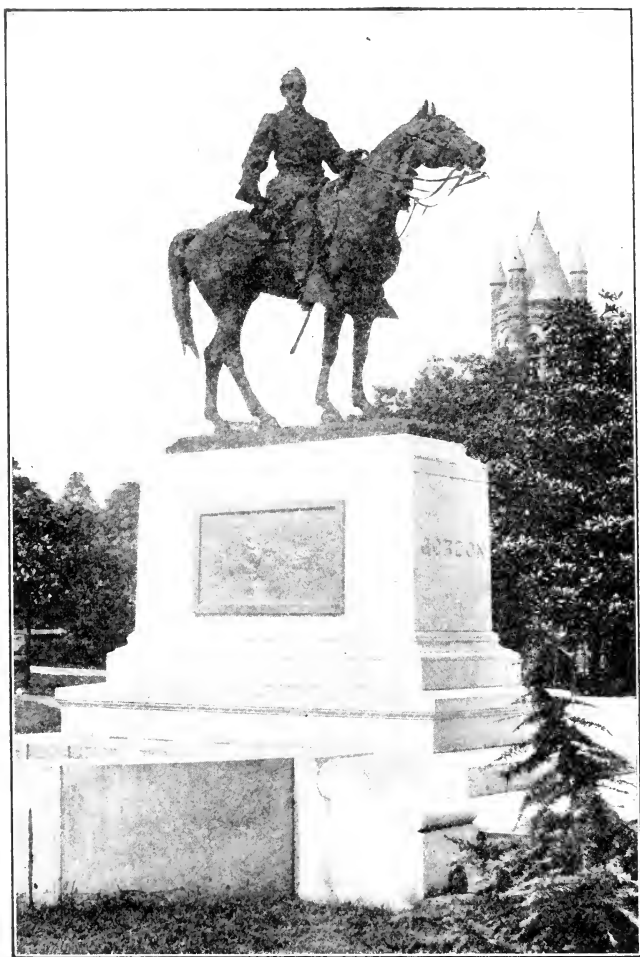
THE RACCOON ROUGHS

As you enter the Capitol grounds in Atlanta, on one side you may see a grand monument. There is a noble-looking man mounted on a fine large horse. Both are made of bronze. The horse stands upon some large blocks of marble placed one upon another. These together form what is called the pedestal. If you look with care, you will see that it is the monument of General John B. Gordon.

When the Civil War began, Gordon was not a general. He was in business for himself. He lived near where Georgia, Tennessee, and North Carolina meet. He almost lived in three states, but we are glad that his home was in Georgia.

He left his business to go to the war. He raised a company of men from the mountains. These men were very eager to go to the war. They wanted to ride horses and be cavalry soldiers, but a message came that no more cavalry was needed, so then they thought that they would go as foot soldiers.

When they reached Atlanta, they were a strange looking company. They had no uniforms. No two



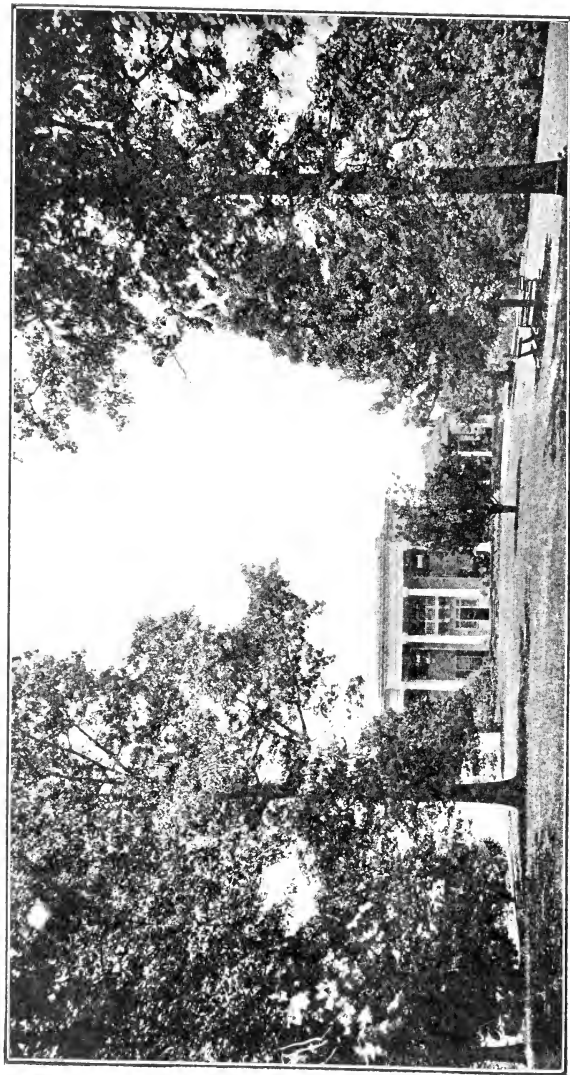
GORDON'S MONUMENT ON CAPITOL GROUNDS IN ATLANTA

were dressed alike. The only thing they wore alike were their coonskin caps with the tails for plumes. These plumes floated out from the top of their caps, and looked very queer.

As they marched down the streets of Atlanta, they were the wonder of all. Gordon was their captain. Some one asked him the name of his company. No name had been given it at that time. Gordon at once thought that "Mountain Rifles" would be a good name, so he said that his company was the Mountain Rifles.

One of the soldiers did not like this name. "No," said he loudly, "we are not Mountain Rifles. We are Raccoon Roughs." The people on the streets laughed. They liked this name. All through the war, Gordon's mountain men were called Raccoon Roughs.

Before Gordon could get his Raccoon Roughs away from Atlanta, he found out that not even foot soldiers were now needed. Then Gordon's men were to be carried back home. They did not know that they were on their way home. When they got on the train they found this out. They had made up their minds that they would go to war, so when the train started, they got off and stopped it.



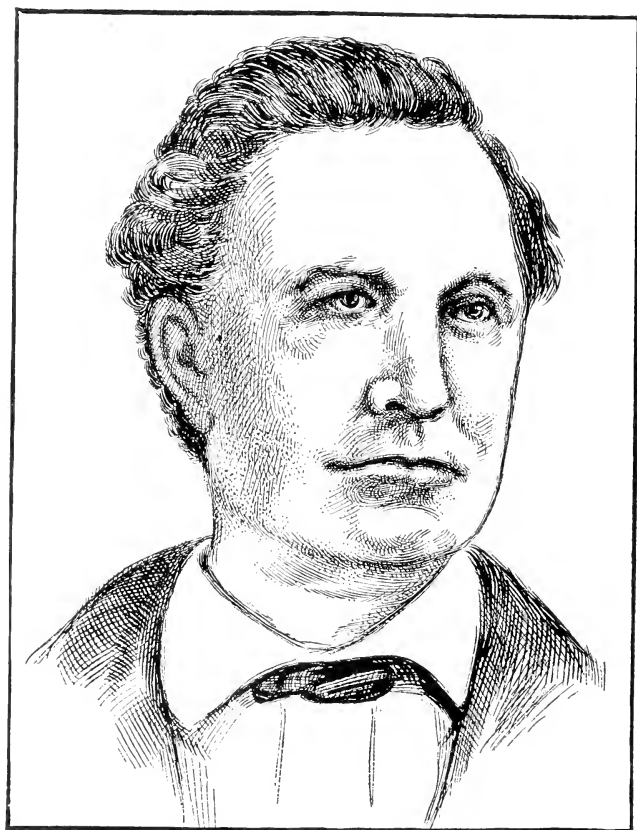
GENERAL GORDON'S HOME NEAR ATLANTA

Then the Governor let them go to Virginia to fight. They fought with General Gordon all through the war. They were brave soldiers. The Raccoon Roughs never failed.

At the battle of Sharpsburg, Gordon and his Raccoon Roughs fought very bravely. Gordon had now become a general. He was shot four times in this battle. Still he would not give up. At last a bullet was shot through his head. Then he fell on his face.

His men thought he was dead. They had to leave him. They could not stop fighting. As Gordon fell, his cap slipped over his face, but he was not dead. Blood from his head ran into his cap. It was about to smother him. He could not move. A bullet hole in his cap let the blood out. Later he was found and cared for. Thus his life was saved.

Gordon became a United States Senator from Georgia. He was also once Governor of our state.



ALFRED H. COLQUITT

A GEORGIAN GREAT IN MANY WAYS

Alfred H. Colquitt was a great man in more than one way. Some men are great soldiers. Some are great lawyers. Others are great law-makers. Still others are great preachers. Colquitt was great in all these ways. He was also a good Judge.

Some ladies were once talking about great men. One of them did not say much for a time. She listened to the others. At last she said that Colquitt was the greatest man of whom she ever knew. She said that Colquitt had once held court, tried a man for murder, sentenced him to be hung, made a big speech, preached a sermon, married two couples, and held a prayer-meeting, all in one day. "Now, wasn't that great!" she said.

Colquitt was a general in the Civil War. He fought at Olustee in Florida. He won, and he thus saved that state from being overrun by the Federals.

When Colquitt and his men were on their way to this battle, they came to Madison in Florida. They were going on trains. In Colquitt's army was a boy

soldier. He had worn out his shoes. He could not get any more. His feet were bare. The weather was very cold. The young soldier's feet were sore and bleeding, but he would not leave the army. He had made up his mind to go on to the battle.

Some ladies at Madison brought food for the soldiers. When these ladies saw this soldier boy, with his bare, sore feet, they were very sorry for him. One of the young ladies offered to give him her shoes. He did not wish to take the shoes and leave her without, but she made him take them. She went home without shoes, but the boy went on and fought with General Colquitt's army at Olustee.

Which do you think the nobler: the young lady who gave up her shoes, or the young soldier who would fight his country's battles, shoes or no shoes?

After the war, Colquitt was Governor of Georgia. He was also United States Senator.

Colquitt County is not named for him, but for Walter T. Colquitt, another United States Senator from Georgia.

THE GENERAL WITH A PAPER OF PINS

In the Civil War, the Federals were always trying to take Richmond, the Capital of the Confederacy. The Confederates often tried to take Washington, the Capital of the United States.

Once when the Confederates tried to take Washington, a battle was fought at Monocacy in Maryland. The Confederates won the victory, but they did not take Washington. There were too many Federals around the city.

General Clement Evans of Georgia was in this battle. At the head of his brigade, he bravely led a charge. He happened to have a paper of pins in the breast pocket of his coat. As he rode to the front a bullet struck him. It struck the paper of pins. The bullet tore into the flesh. It carried the pins with it. His breast was almost full of pins.

A surgeon cut the bullet out. He got all the pins out that he could, but he could not get all of them. Afterward they would come out themselves. Every few days General Evans would feel the point of a pin

sticking out of his flesh. Then he would get it out. The pins kept coming out for a long time. It was almost as if he had been a pin-cushion.

General Evans got well and lived to be a great help to the people of Georgia. They have honored him with more than one high office.

GRAY ALICE

Gray Alice was a beautiful horse. She was kind and gentle. She was General Robert Toombs' horse. He rode her while he was in the Civil War. She took him through several battles. Her master loved her very much.

General Toombs lived at Washington in Wilkes County. After the war was over, he went to his home there. The officers of the United States thought it would be best to arrest him and keep him shut up in prison for a time.

So a number of soldiers were sent to his house for him. They knocked on his front door. Mrs. Toombs went to the door. They asked her if General Toombs was at home. She said that he was not at home. He was not. He had left by the back door when they had knocked on the front door. He had no wish to be shut up in a cold, dark, damp prison. Mrs. Toombs kept on talking to the soldiers. She wanted to give Toombs time to get as far as he could. She would not tell where he was.

At last the officer in command of the soldiers be-



came angry. He said if she did not bring Toombs out to him, he would burn the house. She said, "Very well, burn it," but the soldiers did not burn the house. They began to search for Toombs. They did not find him, and soon left the place.

Toombs had a young friend whose name was Irvin. He had been watching while the soldiers were at Toombs' house. Irvin saw Toombs leave the house and go across the fields. He knew the general would need his horse; so, as soon as he could, Irvin slipped to the stable. He put a bridle and a saddle on Gray Alice. He then led her across the fields and woods to her master.

How glad Toombs was to have the faithful Gray Alice! She had borne him well in battle, amid whistling shot and screeching shell. He now knew she would take him to safety. He sprang upon her back and rode away. He went from place to place for six months. He was keeping away from the Federal soldiers. They were always looking for him everywhere.

After a long time he went out of Georgia into Alabama. There Gray Alice was left to be cared for. Toombs made his way to Europe, where he stayed till all danger was over. You may be sure

that Gray Alice was always loved and cared for by Toombs.

Toombs was sent to the United States Congress. Then he was a Senator. He was made Secretary of State of the Confederacy. He was one of Georgia's greatest men.

A county is called Toombs after him.

THE SOLDIER WHO CARRIED A BOOK

Charles F. Crisp was about sixteen years old when the great Civil War began. Charles went to the war and became one of "Stonewall" Jackson's soldiers. He was a very young one, but he fought well and bravely, and was soon made a lieutenant. He was very proud of the office and the bright straps that he wore.

Crisp had never been to college. He had only been to the common schools. He did not know as much as he wanted to know, so the young soldier got some books. He carried them in his knapsack. This is a sort of bag that the soldiers carried. It is used to carry food and other things the soldiers may need.

At night, the other soldiers would play games, smoke, and tell stories. But Charles would seat himself by the camp fire and take out his books. Then he would read and study. In this way he learned a great deal.

As soon as the war was over, he began to study law. In one year he learned enough to be a lawyer.

He soon became a good one. Then he was Colonel Crisp.

Next he became a judge. Then he went to Congress. There he was made Speaker of the Congress. This is a very high office. Crisp performed its duties well. He was liked by the people of the whole United States.

We have a fine county named in his honor.

A FAIR CONFEDERATE

General Sherman fought on the Federal side. When the war was nearly over, he led a great army into Georgia.

General Joseph Johnston was a Confederate. He was at Dalton, in Georgia, to try to check General Sherman.

Mary Gay was a young woman who lived at Decatur with her mother and brother. This brother was one of General Johnston's soldiers. He and some of his soldier friends were afraid they might lose their overcoats and blankets. Such things were often lost in the marches and fights.

So this young man wrote to his sister Mary at Decatur. He asked if she could not take care of the overcoats and blankets for him and his friends. Mary wrote back to her brother that she would do her best to take care of them.

And so the things were sent to her. She put them in the dining-room. The doors and windows of the room were closed. The coats and blankets were kept there for some weeks.

At last the Confederates had to leave Dalton. General Sherman forced them back, back, till they were in Atlanta. Then Sherman took Atlanta. After that the Federal soldiers swarmed everywhere. They went into houses and took whatever they wanted. The Federals were all about Decatur. Many were camped about the house where Mary and her mother lived.

Now the overcoats and blankets were no longer safe. Mary feared the Federal soldiers would get them. What was she to do? This is what she did. When night came, she got a negro girl to help her. They went into the dining-room. They dragged a tall wardrobe to the middle of the room. Mary climbed upon the top of it. Then with a hatchet she broke the plaster off the ceiling above her head. She pulled off the slats and made a big hole. Then the negro girl handed her the coats and blankets, and Mary put them up through the hole. When all had been put up, Mary nailed back the slats.

Mary then got down from the top of the wardrobe and pulled it back to its old place. They took up all the plaster that had fallen and swept the floor clean. No one would ever think there was anything hidden in the room.

The Federal soldiers went all through the house from time to time. But they did not find out that the clothes were there. No doubt they would have had great fun pulling them down if they had found them.

After a while the young Confederates and his friends were in need of their coats and blankets. Then Mary and the girl got them down one night. She had them taken to their owners.

Nearly everything about Atlanta and Decatur had been burned. The young Confederate and his friends could hardly believe their coats and blankets were safe. They had to see them first. When they saw them, they were very glad. Then they all gave Mary three loud cheers.

Mary afterward wrote a good book about the war. It is called "Life in Dixie."

“IT WILL BE HELD TO THE LAST”

As a little boy, Thomas Cobb liked to be moving about. He could not well keep still. He wanted to have all the fun he could.

A good old lady lived in the family. They called her “Aunt Thornton.” She did not like the noise that Thomas made, so she would try to keep him busy. She said if he were at some useful task, he would not get into mischief.

When she could not find other work for Thomas, she would teach him how to sew. She would thread his needle, and give him a piece of cloth. Then she would show him how to sew.

Thomas did not like this. He thought that it was work for girls. Besides, he wanted to be at play. But Aunt Thornton would not let him go. She thought it better for him to sew. Sometimes when he was very tired, Thomas would break the eye of the needle. Aunt Thornton would fix him another. Thomas would soon break it also. I do not know what Aunt Thornton would do next. But at last Thomas would go to play.

Thomas grew up to be a fine, strong man. He was a good man. He became a lawyer. He owned a very fine library. In it were books in many languages. He could read them all. He made a book that is very useful to Georgia lawyers. It is called "Digest of Laws of Georgia."

In the war, he was a general. He was known as General Thomas R. R. Cobb. He raised a body of soldiers and commanded them. This body of troops was called "Cobb's Legion."

General Cobb's men loved him. Under him, they would fight bravely to win. He was very kind to them. He would sometimes walk through the mud and snow for days at a time. He did this so that some sick soldier might have his horse to ride. He would make his officers do the same thing.

In one great battle, it was General Cobb's duty to hold a breast-work on the side of the hill. With him was his brave Legion. The Federals began to rush up the hill. Zip! zip! zip! came the bullets, and boom! boom! the shells. Cobb's men lay close in their breastworks, while their own bullets hissed and hummed. They held their ground. If Cobb and his men could keep this place, the Confederates could gain the victory.

There were many hundreds of the Federals. General Lee was afraid Cobb would have to lead his Legion away. So he sent Cobb word to hold the place if he could. General Cobb sent back the message, "It will be held to the last."

The Federals made a great charge. But Cobb's Legion drove them back. Then the Federals made another charge. The Legion again drove them back. And so the Federals charged six times, and six times Cobb's Legion drove them back. At last the Confederates won the victory.

But war is full of horror. General Cobb was himself killed in this battle. His men were then very sad. Each felt almost as if his own father had been killed.

Several great Georgians have borne the name of Cobb. The Cobbs have done much for the state. Cobb County is named for John Cobb.

MEMORIAL DAY

Mrs. Mary Ann Williams was a kind, tender-hearted woman. In the time of the war, her home was at Columbus.

She felt very sorry for the hungry soldiers in the Confederate army. The government could not always give the soldiers enough to eat. Often a soldier would start home from Virginia. He would get very hungry. On the train it was harder than ever to get something to eat. Sometimes the poor soldiers would almost starve.

Mrs. Williams wanted to do something for them. She asked some other ladies to help her. At the stations on the railroad, they had "Wayside Homes." These homes were simply the stations where the trains would stop. The ladies would know when a soldier train was coming. Then they would get people to cook and give food. They would take great baskets of this food to the Wayside Homes. When a train-load of soldiers came, the train stopped. The ladies made the hungry men welcome, and saw that each one had all he could eat. This was a great help to the soldiers.

Mrs. Williams' husband was a colonel in the Confederate Army. He died in the war. He was buried at Columbus.

One bright spring day, about a year after the end of the war. Mrs. Williams and her little girl went to put flowers on his grave. There were flowers in plenty. They almost covered his grave with them.

Near Colonel Williams' grave were the graves of a great many other Confederate soldiers. At last the little girl thought that she would like to put some flowers on their graves, too. She asked her mother if she might not put flowers on their graves. Her mother agreed. Then together they put flowers on, as many as they could.

Mrs. Williams then thought that it would be a good thing to put flowers on all soldiers' graves once every year. She began to urge people to set aside a day to do this. At last the twenty-sixth of April was settled upon as the day for Georgia. This was because flowers are so plentiful in April. And thus we have Memorial Day. Now, all over the South, thousands of children place millions of beautiful, sweet flowers on the brave soldiers' graves, once every year.

A PEACE MAKER

When Henry Grady was about two years old, a little negro boy, named Isaac, took care of him. Isaac loved Henry, and Henry loved Isaac. As soon as Henry could talk, he would call the little negro "Brother Isaac." They told Henry that Isaac was not his brother. Then Henry cried. He kept on calling him Brother Isaac.

Henry always thought of the comfort of others. He liked to know that others were not hungry or cold. Often on winter nights, he would wake and hear the wind blowing. He would call his mother, and say, "Do you think the servants have enough cover? It is so cold, and I want them to be warm."

Nearly every day, he would find some one he wanted to help. Often some ragged boy or other would bring a note to Mrs. Grady that Henry had given him. This is what would be in the note:

"DEAR MOTHER,

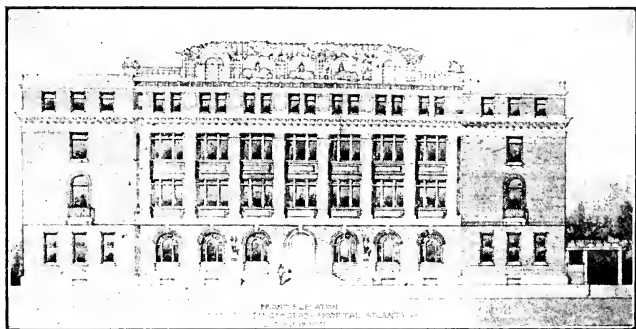
"Please give this boy something to eat. He looks so hungry.

"H. W. GRADY."

The boy would get something to eat.

Henry went to a queer school. The teacher was a lady. She could not hear well, so all the pupils studied out loud. It was almost like an Arab school. This lady taught her pupils well, and more than one of them became great men.

Henry read many books. It was said he knew more and had read more than any boy about Athens.



THE GRADY HOSPITAL, ATLANTA

That was where he lived. He liked best to read the stories and deeds of olden times.

For a long time after the Civil War ended, the people of the North and the people of the South did not love each other. Both sides had suffered a great deal in the war. It was not easy to forget.

When Grady was a man, he wrote and spoke well.

He did all he could to make the two sections understand each other better. He made great speeches. He urged them to forget their hate and to love one another. It is said that he did more in this way than anyone else.

There are two great monuments to Grady in Atlanta. One is of bronze. It shows how he used to look. The other is the Grady Hospital, where thousands of poor sick people are cared for every year.

A county is named Grady after him.

THE BOY WITH WILLING HANDS

One day an editor said he needed a boy. He wanted the boy to set type and to help him print his paper. He said that he wanted a boy with "willing hands."

Not far away there lived a boy whose name was Joel Chandler Harris. This boy could read and write before he was six years old. His mother would often tell him stories. Then he thought he would like to write some stories himself.

But his people were poor. He made up his mind that he would help make a living. He did not have time to write any stories. When he heard that a boy was wanted, he thought he would try to get the place. He did not tell anyone his plans. He went at once to the editor, and told him what he had come for. The editor hired him. The boy had "willing hands." He did his work so well that he and the editor were soon the best of friends. Joel gave the money he made to his mother.

The editor had a large library of choice books.

He said to Joel: "You may read in my library whenever you have time." Joel was very glad of this chance to read. He would finish his work and then hurry into the library. There he would read for hours at a time. In this way he stored his mind and learned to love good books. He had a willing mind, too.

Joel wanted to write something to put in the paper himself, but he thought that the editor might not like to put anything in the paper that a boy wrote. At last he wrote an article and did not sign his name to it. He then put it where the editor would find it. The editor liked it and put it in his paper. Then Joel wrote more for the paper.

This paper was not printed in a big city. It was printed on a large plantation. Over this plantation, Joel roamed far and wide. He learned all the paths and roads. He knew where to find birds and squirrels, and where to catch a fine string of fish. He knew every nook and corner where berries, nuts, or fruits were to be found.

Next to the editor and the books, Joel liked the negroes on the place. They liked him. They would tell him stories of Brother Rabbit and Brother Fox and all the rest of the four-legged tribe.

When Joel became a man, he wrote for a big daily newspaper in the city of Atlanta. One day he wrote one of the stories that the negroes had told him when he was a boy. It was printed in the paper. Thousands of people read the story and liked it. They begged him to write more of them. He wrote others and yet others. Then he became "Uncle Remus." He made book after book of stories that are read all over the world.

Uncle Remus was one of the best and happiest of men. He liked to make others happy. He was loved everywhere. And now you have read the story of a boy with willing hands who became a man with willing mind and heart.

GEORGIA

Fair Georgia, Empire State of the South,
From Chattahoochee's source to mouth;
From Alabama's dimpled dells
To where old Ebenezer dwells;
From Lookout's steep and rugged sides
To Brunswick harbor's ocean tides,
My heart for thee in fulsome rapture beats
As mount and dale and sea the scene completes.

The Coves of Gilmer glow with corn,
And peaches pink fair Pike adorn,
Ten thousand hills in fleecy white
Proclaim King Cotton's wondrous might.
Thy pecan groves and melon fields
A rich and bounteous harvest yields.
Thy marshy stretches give us pearly rice,
Abundant harvests all our needs suffice.

Thy annals are replete with fame ---
A thousand sons with glorious name —
From Oglethorpe, the pioneer,

To Alek Stephens ever dear;
Brave Gordon, Toombs, and brilliant Crisp —
Fair names our little children lisp.
What realm can boast of nobler, greater men,
In columned halls or distant mountain glen?

Thy people great with hearts of gold,
Thy manhood true with courage bold,
Thy womanhood the best on earth,
And beauteous children round the hearth.
LeConte, Lanier, thy scholars great,
What realm can be thy matchless mate?
Thou diadem of all the states, my Georgia dear,
Where hearts are ever glad and Heaven near.

— *H. J. Gaertner*

SEP 18 1913



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